



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

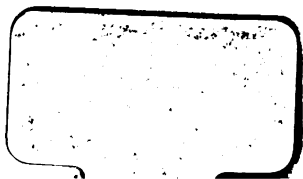
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

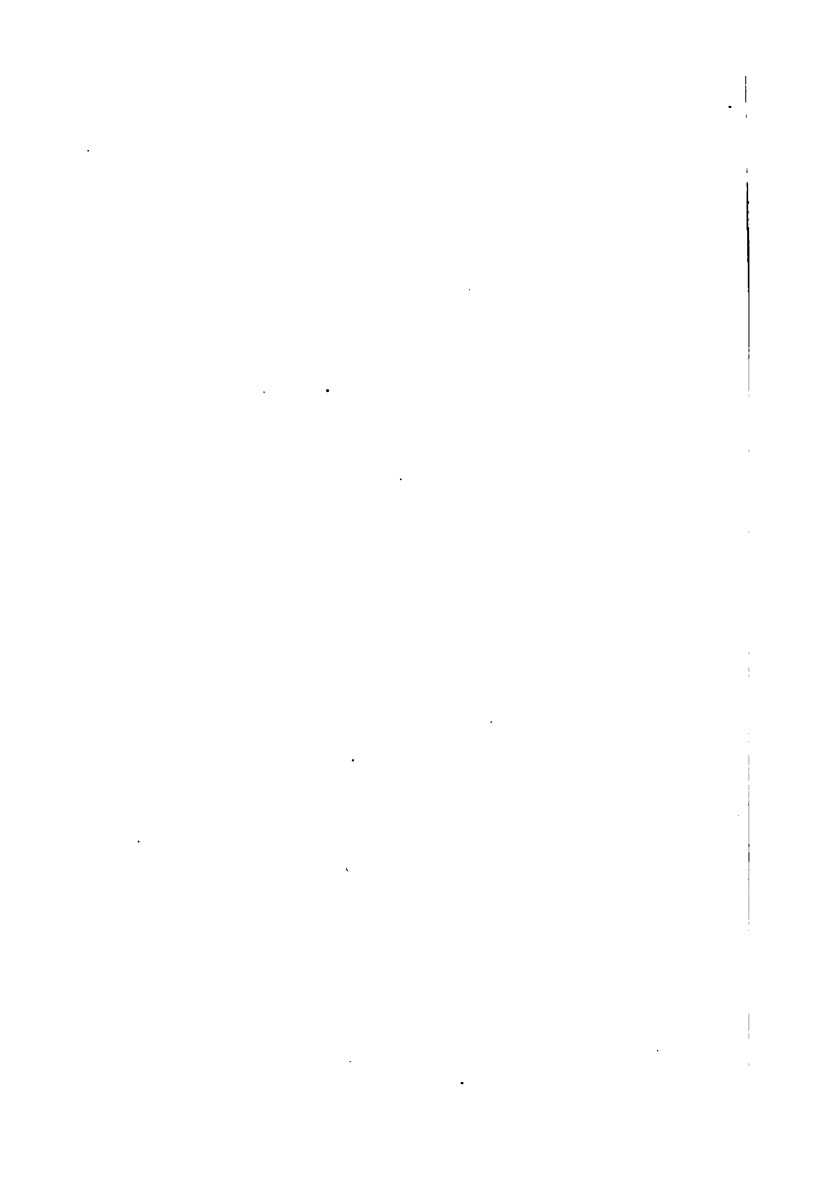
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



48.1704.







# ANGELS' WORK;

OR,

THE CHORISTERS OF ST. MARK'S,

AND

*Two other Tales.*



LONDON :

JOHN HENRY PARKER, 377, STRAND.

1848.

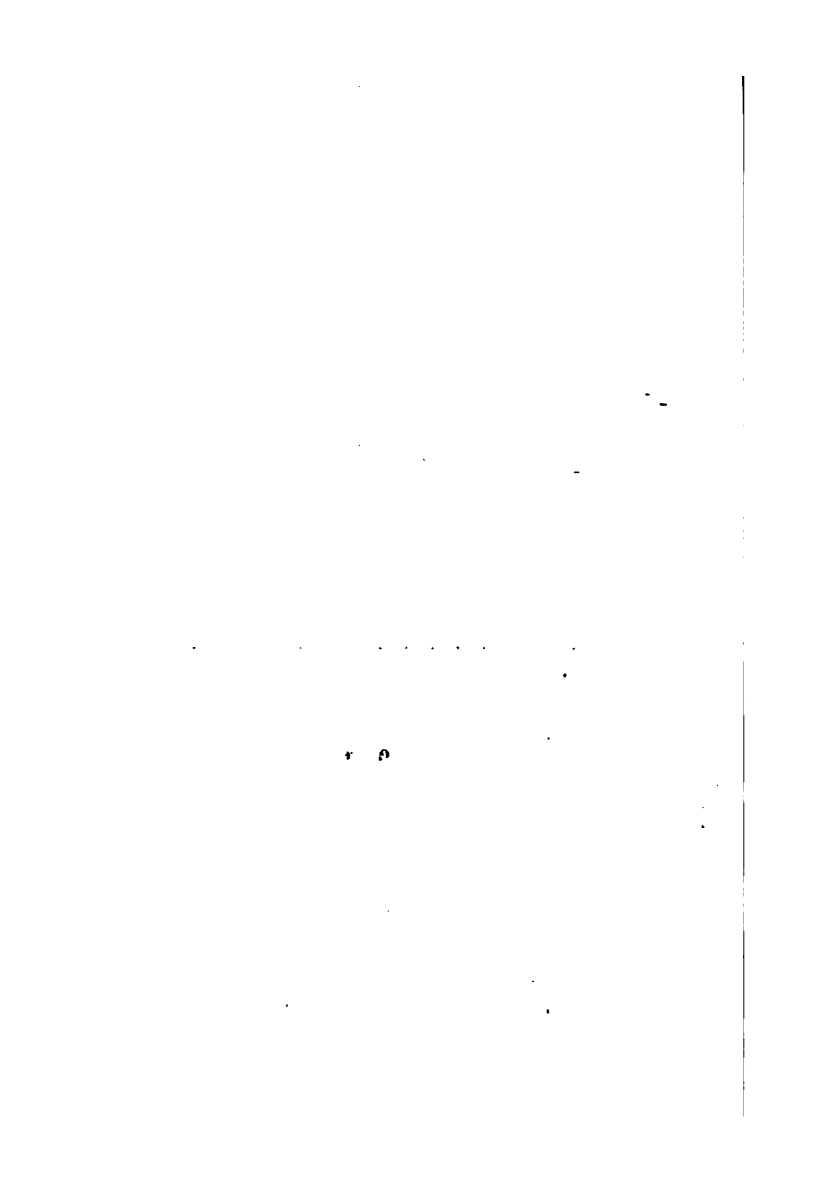
**LONDON:**  
**R. CLAY, PRINTER, BREAD STREET HILL.**

## CONTENTS.

---

ANGELS' WORK; OR, THE CHORISTERS OF ST. MARK'S . . .	1
DO YOUR BEST . . . . .	57
THE BROTHERS (A WAYSIDE LESSON) . . . . .	117







## ANGELS' WORK;

OR,

THE CHORISTERS OF ST. MARK'S.

---

It was Holy Innocents' Day, in the year of grace 1846, when two boys from St. Mark's Choral School were playing on the high-road of one of the towns on the Oxford road. The day was clear and bright; the sun shone on the hoar-frost, and glistened in the drops of rain, which melted and hung on the trees, moistening the passer-by with a gentle shower; the robin, sweet bird, sung his plaintive note, a dirge over the fast closing year, so full of melody, that we have half uttered a wish to hear him when our own life was closing. The loud ringing laugh of the boys, as they ran and gambolled on the road, was quite a contrast to the unbroken quiet of the country—they were bright as the day, for they knew little of the troubles of life. When men talked about them, they wondered if they were

like school troubles—something like them, only harder to bear patiently ; but the boys were happy because it was a holiday. All Saints days are holidays at St. Mark's school, and happy days, because they begin them with prayer and praise to God.

While the lads were resting on a stile, after a long race, an old man passed them on his way to a neighbouring village where he had work. He bent under the weight of a heavy basket of tools ; and as he heard the merry voices of the boys, he envied them their happy enjoyment of the day. Poor man ! he knew nothing of Saints days. He had but one thought—how to make money ; and he found many disappointments in his desire of gain. Money does take to itself wings and fly away, unless it is well gotten.

“ A nice idle life, boys ! ” said the old man ; “ what do you do ? ”

“ Angels' work, sir,” said Charles Simmons, the eldest of the two boys, “ and George Slater helps me.”

“ Angels' work ! angels' work ! ” said the old man ; “ I never heard of that work before. I hope you do it as angels do.”

“ I hope so,” said Charles ; and the old man went on his way. The boys looked along the road after him.

Charles said to George, “ I'll offer to carry his tools ; he is an old man. Master, master ! ” he called out. The old man stopped. “ Shall we carry your tools ? ” They ran up to him for his answer.

"Yes, and welcome," said he; "for I am very tired, and not so young as I once was." The old man lifted the basket from his shoulders. "There," said he, drawing a long breath, "there it is, and it is a heavy one, I tell you." He stood before them, a fine grey-headed old man. "Now, lads," he said, "let me share the work between you. One must take one handle of the basket, and one the other. It will ride light between two. Thank you, boys."

When they were started, the old man said, "It's harder work than angels do, boys, isn't it?"

"No, master," answered Charles; "nothing is so hard in this world as angels' work; for they who do it must live holily, or perish everlastingly."

"You are a strange boy," said the old man. "What do you know about angels' work?"

"What my Bible, read in the church and taught in the school, teaches me," said Charles.

"What is that, lads?"

"Singing praise to God, that is angels' work," said Charles. "Have you never read the Revelations of St. John the Divine?"

"It may be that I have; but I do not remember anything about angels' work."

"St. John heard the voice of many angels round about the throne of God, and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand and thousand of thousands, who said with a loud voice, 'Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength,

and honour, and glory, and blessing !' and every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, he heard, saying, ' Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever.' "

" But that was in heaven. What have boys like you to do with heaven ? "

" A great deal I hope, master. We do heavenly work on earth, it is true that we do angels' work. "

" And who pays you, then ? " said the old man ; " what wages do you get ? I should very well like the work, if it is easy, and good pay. "

" Master, we have food and clothing, and therewith, our master says, we ought to be content. He reads to us of our duties from the Holy Book, and tells us that God feeds the young ravens which call upon him. "

" There is no pay for angels' work—no pay at all !—that will not suit me. "

" Yes, we shall have treasures in heaven, if we do our work well ; treasures, where neither rust nor moth doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal. "

" Have you any of those treasures, or do you know where I can get them, for I very often lose my money ? and are they real treasures that I can see, and clothes that I can wear, clothes that the moth will not eat ? Look how the moth has eaten this jacket. I laid it up for many years,

and I had saved a good bit of money, and the Bank broke." The old man sighed. "I will give you a good reward to tell me of such treasures—just say it again—'where neither rust nor moth doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal,'" said he, slowly; "those are treasures for me."

"For us all, I hope," said Charles.

They were now at a pretty lane, which led to Davey's farm. "Here we are," said the old man, "nearly at the end of our journey. I am going to the white house by the holly hedge. You are good boys, and have done a kindness in helping an old man; God reward you!"

"You are welcome; in our heavenly Master's name we carried it. I told you, good master, we were the boys who did angels' work."

"Very true; you have been my good angels to-day."

The old man raised his basket once more on his shoulders, with the help of the boys; he staggered beneath its weight, and bidding them good-bye, was soon at the farm.

They looked after the old man, without speaking, until they saw him go in at the door, and then they turned their steps homeward.

"Charles, why did you not tell the old man what we did? You told him a story, did not you? I am sure he did not understand what we do every day."

"Very likely," said Charles; "but I told him the truth. I would not tell a story in jest when he asked what we did. I said, angels' work."

Are we not choristers? and did we not confess our sins to God this morning in the Confession, and after that, praise God in the psalms and hymns? This is angels' work, for it is praise to Almighty God."

"Yes," said George; "but angels sing in heaven, and we sing only in church."

"Only in church, George! The church is the temple of God; angels are the heavenly choir, who join with saints in praising God. They are called the Church triumphant, because they have overcome and can suffer no more; we sing on earth, and are of the Church militant. It is one great family to which we belong, therefore what I told the old man was strictly true,—we do angels' work."

"But, Charles, how pure angels are! You told the old man they sung before God and the Lamb, which I know means Jesus Christ,"—(the boy reverently bent his head as he mentioned the name at which every knee shall bow,)—"and I have read, God is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity. Now I know angels do not sin, but we do—we dispute sometimes, just before church time, and sometimes we are disobedient—can we do angels' work?"

"Not unless we are sorry for the evil tempers and disobedience. The old man gave us a good reproof when he said, 'I hope that you do your work as angels do.' He intended to say, that as they do their work, so should we do ours; we ought to be reverent when in the house of God, because we know it is said that angels veil their

faces with their wings in the Almighty's presence ; we should do our work gladly, because angels are ever singing the praises of God ; and readily, because they cease not, day nor night, to sing before the throne of God."

" Then, Charles, you really think that choristers may do angels' work in this world, if they are reverent in church, and try to be obedient at home, and to avoid bad things, such as lying, and theft, and passion."

" I do, George ; and as I grow older, and know better, I think more and more that those who sing God's praise have a heavenly calling. I should be very sorry to be a hypocrite, and I must be one if, whilst I sing in church, I am thinking of play ; and if everybody who is in church thinks I am praising God they are deceived."

" And if not, suppose you behave badly, Charles, they would not say you were a hypocrite."

" No, George, the good, if they said nothing, must think me a blasphemer, who, with profane lips and a wicked heart, mocked my Creator. Do you remember Mr. Harvey's sermon ? He said :—

" ' My dear boys, I hope you are all outwardly reverent in this place to which you come every day ; but do not think only of pleasing me, or of what the congregation will say ; I may not see you while I pray, and the congregation may also only hear your voices in praise, their minds being occupied in devotion ; but endeavour to



think this is God's house, and none other than the gate of heaven ; try to follow me in every prayer, and to lift up your hearts to God. It is a great sin to come here without thought, or without a desire to pray ; and unless you endeavour to come with prepared minds, that is, with a wish to serve God, your presence in this place will rather hurt you than do you good.' ”

“ I remember it all very well, Charles. I thought when Mr. Harvey was preaching that he knew I had been thinking about holiday pieces. Do you think he knows what we think about ? I think he must sometimes.”

“ Not exactly, George ; but from a knowledge of what boys are, how liable they are to forget and to be careless, he knows what is best to say to us ; and we can see that by his sermon, which you think was intended for you. Perhaps there are twenty persons who think the same. You did not pray that day, but said Amen because others did ; your thoughts ran on to the school and holiday pieces. The sermon was for us all. I thought one day it applied to me, for I was very much vexed, and did not follow the prayers so close as I ought to have done, but I always try.”

“ Then, Charles, we ought to be very careful ; it is a much more serious thing to be a chorister than I ever thought it could be. When I first came, I thought we were only required to sing well, and I wished to do this because people should say ‘ George Slater sings well ; but I did not think it was a religious service, and must be done with reverence.’ ”

"I hope you understand it now, George, because all the behaviour of the choir depends on the motive with which they sing; if to please people, they will not be very careful of their thoughts, because no one can see them, although they may see their outward behaviour; but if to serve God, they will always remember he sees the hearts of men."

"I will try to be thoughtful, Charles, in future."

"Yes, we must all pray for this; if we wish to sing as angels do in heaven, we must avoid what is evil, be dutiful at home, and obedient at school. There is such a beautiful legend about chorister boys in a book that belongs to St. Cuthbert's cathedral!—I think that is the name; my father told it me when I was a child, and first went to sing in church. He was very particular, for he said he had seen so much misery in choristers' families, which he thought was caused by their irreverence in God's house. He was a good man."

"Tell it me, Charles. Tell it me, and I will try to remember it; when I am not very thoughtful it will make me better, perhaps."

"Not at present, George. I will read it to the choir after tea, if my mother has it. I know it was copied in a book, and Mr. Harvey may like to hear it read."

The boys walked home together. They were very happy because they had helped the old man, and been useful as well as full of play. Charles talked of the Training College, and its rules, and

how soon he should be there; and George numbered up the years before he should go. Then they came back, and sang together the anthem before church. It seemed a very long day to George, who was anxious to hear the story. But tea-time came at last, and Mr. Harvey was, as usual, with the boys.

George asked if Charles might read a story out of his father's book.

"What is it, Charles?" said Mr. Harvey.

"A story about two chorister boys who were attached to St. Cuthbert's cathedral. It is called a Legend of St. Cuthbert's."

"Yes, read it to us. I have no doubt we shall be very much pleased to hear anything about choristers. They are a part of our family, and, if good Christian boys and men, deserve our warmest affection and praise, for they serve God daily. Now, then, silence, if you please, and Charles will begin."

Charles began

### **A Legend of St. Cuthbert's.**

MANY years ago, some say many centuries of years, there were among the choir of St. Cuthbert's cathedral two boys who very far exceeded all the other lads of the choral body in the tone and sweetness of their voices. They had come to the choir very young, but under different circumstances, and though fine boys,—for God had given them open countenances and a fair speech,—they were very different in their dispositions.

Kenelm, the youngest, was the son of a poor widow, who had lost all her other children by fever, and her husband had died while she was young. Her boy was her chief care. She had taught him the psalms which she had learned, and the Lord's Prayer, and the rector of her parish taught him and other boys the Catechism. Kenelm loved the Church and his mother. He was always happy to go with her to Communion, and would sit without moving while it was celebrated. He learned to sing, and assisted in the service of the Church; but he was a weak child, and not able to do very hard work. His mother said to Kenelm, "What shall we do? I have no fire for winter, and no store. We shall starve."

"No, mother; remember that God fed Elijah when there was famine."

"But Elijah was a prophet of God, Kenelm, and we are sinners."

"We shall not starve, mother," said Kenelm; "I have thought, if you would take me to St. Cuthbert's, Barnard, the canon, would take me into his class in the choir; and then they give to widows firewood and bread."

"What shall I do without you? I shall be alone, and have no one to speak to all the long winter nights."

"But you will have food, mother; so let us go to-morrow."

They went on the morrow, and Barnard, who was a kind-hearted man, pitied the poor woman, and asked if Kenelm could sing. When he heard him, he was glad to have such an addition to his

choir, and gave his mother some money and his blessing. The widow did not like to part with her son, but was glad to think he was to be in the service of God. As she went home, she thought she would like to die rather than leave her child; then she remembered Barnard was a very holy man, and Kenelm would only hear good things, and sing in church, the great cathedral church where she often went in and heard prayers sung.

Ulric, who was a year older, also came at the same time, but he was under Anthony, another of the canons, who was very anxious about the reputation of the choir. He was one of many children, and his parents had taken care of him; they knew he sang well, and were very anxious to have him in the cathedral; but Ulric did not care to go.

"I do not care where I sing," said he.

"But you must care," said his mother; "you may be a canon, as Anthony is, if you are a good singer."

Ulric said, "I can sing, but I do not care to be so often in that great cathedral, singing morning and night."

But Ulric went, and Father Anthony received him gladly. "The boy," said he, "will be a credit to my choir, and I think is superior to Kenelm."

Anthony took him without further inquiry. He had known his mother for many years, and thought her a good woman, very anxious for her children, but thinking too much of their earthly well-doing.

"I have another addition to our choir, Bar-

nard," said Anthony, as they met in the cloisters of the cathedral. "It is a very sweet voice, and has been cultivated. I like your gentle Kenelm, but my Ulric knows more, and sings very much better."

"Anthony, good Anthony, do not think too much of the choir, but of the boys. Our choir is a very good one, none better, but I want to get good boys."

"Yes, Barnard, but they must learn the science of music."

"Learn, but not love it alone, Anthony. If they sing to emulate each other, where is the unity of heart? the unison of sound should convey this thought to the children."

"Barnard's mysticism again."

"No, no; but my wish is that our choir should feel they are singers of the sanctuary, appointed to a holy office—singers before God most high."

"A very beautiful dream, but only a dream, good Barnard. Do not think I wish to discourage you; you have the interest of the choir as much at heart as I have, I know this very well."

"Good-bye; I go to the school, and to your new favourite, Kenelm."

"Yes, the child grows upon me. He is a poor widow's offering, and she is very poor; we shall keep her from starving."

Kenelm practised every day in school. He took pains, and Anthony said he improved very much, but Ulric was the best singer. Ulric liked the science of music, and wished for praise. He would sing anything to please the canons, who

praised him, and he learned many foolish songs, and would sing them when he had an opportunity.

Anthony watched, and warned him of the evil. "It is a growing one, Ulric; you are never anxious to go to prayer in the cathedral, but ready to run on any errand out of the cloisters or to the kitchen."

Ulric would make no answer, and when Anthony was gone would laugh at him. "I do not mind," he would say; "I do not like to go so often to the cathedral."

As he grew older, he had more liberty allowed him, and he would, if sent on any errand, run up to the baron's hall, and sing to the idle retainers. They praised his singing, and gave him mead and sweet cakes. Once they took him to the baron, who had wronged the cathedral of some land left by his father, and hated the clergy. He encouraged Ulric to mimic the canons, and sing light songs. He grew proud and self-sufficient; the baron who noticed him was very powerful; few dared contradict him, but he was a very bad man. Ulric did not care for this.

"Anthony will not let me go; they cannot spare me from the choir, and when my voice breaks I know they will keep me."

Ulric continued to get out whenever he could; and he sang so well everybody encouraged him to come to them and pass his time. But Ulric was not happy. He had left off his examination at night, and he often told falsehoods. When in cathedral he endeavoured to make the boys laugh at the elder clergy, and he would mimic the old

men as they tottered along, sometimes led by the younger clergy. He grew up under the shade of God's temple like a rank weed in a dark place. He did not love the place or the people, and only cared for the prospect of gaining a living by being a singer in the sanctuary.

Kenelm, too, grew on, but it was in favour with everybody; the house was his home. He went twice to see his mother, who came every week to see him, and pray where he prayed and sung. She said to him at one of these visits, "I am glad that I gave you up, Kenelm; I love to hear your voice in the chant." She would also bring, once a year, a small present to Barnard, on the day he admitted her child; and she continued it until she died—a few eggs, or a chicken, or some of her knitted stockings. "I am grateful to you, canon," she would say, "for you kept my son and me alive."

"Kenelm is a good lad," he would answer; "we shall keep him here. He sings to me every day, and wakes me with a *Te Deum*, so that I may hear the praises of God the first thing in the morning. He is very obedient, and Anthony, the other master of the choir, thinks he is improved in every way."

Several years passed away, Kenelm improving and becoming more thoughtful, and Ulric getting worse and worse. He was careful not to be in the sight of the canons when he behaved ill; but he had no internal feeling of reverence for the cathedral, or for holy things; he only thought whether he should be seen or not.



Both Ulric and Kenelm grew up to be young men, and priests in the cathedral. At the time of ordination, Ulric had been more careful in his behaviour, but he soon relapsed into his former habits, because he had no fixed principles.

At length there became a vacancy in the choir for a minor canon. Notice was sent to every cathedral near, that all might come and see if they could obtain it. Every candidate brought a certificate from the dean and the choir master of his good conduct, and obedience to the rules of the cathedral in which he had been instructed. The reputation of St. Cuthbert's was very high; they had a good dean, and both Anthony and Barnard were known as men of piety. Barnard, especially, won the affection of the young. Many came from St. Columba, Bangor, Westminster, and Lincoln. They did not all expect to succeed; some intended to stay for instruction, and others hoped they might be better than any of St. Cuthbert's choir, because they were the best of their own choir; but after several trials, it was found the ultimate contest would be between Kenelm and Ulric.

"Let me retire, I beg you, Barnard," said Kenelm; "I have no wish to contest with Ulric; he thinks he can sing better than I can, and I believe it; my withdrawal acknowledges his superiority. I know my music, and can write it as well as he can, but he can sing better than I—it is God's gift."

"I cannot allow it, Kenelm; you owe me a

duty, and I am sure you sing as well as Ulric—I think better; we shall decide justly, but you owe me a debt, and I cannot think you will withdraw without my permission.”

“Oh, no! good master Barnard, I would do anything I could; you have been very kind to me, and to my poor mother; but Ulric would be angry if he were defeated.”

“You must not regard Ulric’s anger; you owe a duty to us who have trained you. I know many painful things about Ulric, though it would be difficult to bring them home to him, on account of Baron Ravensfield, who delights in seducing young clergy into sin. He is a very wicked man, and has cruelly wronged us—not of land so much, as of many souls. He will ruin Ulric, I fear.”

“Ulric sings very well,” said Kenelm, “I think his voice the finest in our choir; he is irregular, but do you remember him when he first came?”

“Yes, and I remember you; and I think your voice better than Ulric’s. I sometimes dream it is an angel singing, that I have left the world, and it is heaven; but I awake, and find death has not let me escape so quietly. God’s will be done!”

Ulric and Kenelm were to sing in the chapter room. As they waited, Ulric said, “I shall beat you, Kenelm. I have practised day and night for this; you have no chance.”

“Ulric, do not say, beat me. Barnard will tell you how anxious I was to resign; for my mother’s sake, I wish to be a minor canon.”

"And I for my own," said Ulric; "I shall have more liberty."

"Well, I really only care about my mother. I would not do anything to injure you, or keep you back."

"Do not talk about keeping me back," said Ulric, jeeringly; "all know I am the best singer in the choir."

"Be it so, Ulric, we will not quarrel; I have not disputed it. I am here in obedience to my master's wish."

"And I for my pleasure," said Ulric.

Ulric sang first; they were charmed! The canons said it could scarcely be possible to have sang more correctly. Ulric was satisfied. He had gained, he said to himself, exultingly.

Kenelm began to sing. They listened—were silent! One by one, the tears ran down the old men's cheeks; and before he could finish, more than one said, "Praise be to God!"

"How will you decide, fathers?" said Anthony. "We do not know; Ulric's singing is faultless, but Kenelm sings as if every word was from his heart: he feels all he sings."

"Yes," said one, "if Ulric sings as a man, Kenelm sings as an angel! What shall we do—consider who is the most obedient?"

"I think not, now; we will hear them again," said the dean. "Anthony, perhaps, would have been wiser not to allow Ulric to come in."

"I did not know, fathers, what to do for the best; Ulric has caused me many cares, and he

is now a priest, any apparent unkindness might drive him into sin ; I know he has a powerful but bad companion."

"Perhaps you were right—at least, you were kind," said Barnard. "Let there be another trial, Ulric cannot then complain."

"That will be best," said the dean ; and they parted.

"How is it decided?" asked Kenelm, modestly, at supper-time, observing no change in their places at service.

"There is no election, my dear friend, said Barnard. "God bless you, and prosper you ; you never sang so well ; we hardly knew your voice. The old men wept while you sang. Anthony is quite satisfied with you, too ; and I am glad of this, because it avoids all difficulty about the next trial, which is to take place in a month."

Ulric, who was over confident, soon heard from the kitchen that the canons had come to no decision, and that there must be another contest.

"There is favouritism ; they like Kenelm, and hate me. I sang the best, and they will not elect me. I will try again, depend on it, and Kenelm shall not have it."

He escaped out that night, for there was liberty to all on account of the trial, and no canon in the schools. He went up to the baron's hall, and there he found a large party. "Ulric shall sing !" and he sang hunting songs, and loose filthy songs, and jested ; and he drank mead until he was drunken. Then Baron Ravensfield jested at holy

things. "A drunken singer," he said; "he belongs to the set at the cathedral; these are your religious men." None contradicted the bad baron, or dared remind him who made Ulric wicked; but some of the good retainers turned away from the sad sight, and left the hall.

Ulric slept on the floor, and, at dawn, stepped into the cathedral, and took his place, to avoid observation.

What a change was there from the beautiful youth Ulric, to the man Ulric! His temper had marked long lines on his face. Excess had begun already to make him bloated. The canons, who knew little of his conduct, observed the change; but Anthony knew and lamented over Ulric, who might have been one of the ornaments of the choir. "He will be its disgrace, I fear," said he.

The second trial was appointed for St. Mark's day. Kenelm's mother had been to see him; she had lost her only cow; some said the baron's retainers had carried it away, and many more things from the country round. Some said that robbers had been from the north; but her cow was gone.

"If God gives you the canonry, I shall then have another. I do not fear, Kenelm, for since you have been here, I have never wanted; God has provided for me. I shall come again to you next week, and will pray for you; you are a good son, and will have a blessing."

Kenelm was very anxious; he went to church, and prayed long and fervently that he might have confidence, and, if it were God's will, succeed.

He confessed his sins before God. As he rose, his eyes fell upon one of the scrolls written on the walls, "Hope thou in the Lord."

Kenelm went to his room happy. "I will tell Barnard of my mother's misfortune." He found him in his room, reading a book of devotions.

"What is it, Kenelm?—you seldom come to me at this time. I hope you are not too anxious about the contest with Ulric?"

"I hope not," said Kenelm; "I came to tell you my poor mother is in trouble; some one has carried off her cow. Many of the villagers have lost sheep, and pigs, and some cattle. It was her only cow, and it is a great loss."

"Send for her, Kenelm, and I will buy another cow, for which you shall pay when you are my younger brother of St. Cuthbert's. Have you practised to-day?"

"Yes, and every day."

"Well, sing to me now the psalm that you sung on the last day of trial."

He sang it to Barnard; and he was delighted with him. "My dear Kenelm, you improve every day. I hope that there is no doubt of your success; and I am sure you will not have it unless you sing better than Ulric. But you will."

Ulric, proud and self-confident, had practised in a very irregular manner, assuring himself that he must be the best singer. Yet, as the time drew on, and he heard how strong Kenelm's voice became, and how distinctly he sang every note, he began to doubt of his success. Kenelm now scarcely seemed to sing in the

cathedral, but to be living in the melody around him.

The piece selected was, "O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world." Ulric sang first, as before; and the fathers praised his singing. Some thought he had not improved; others did not think he sang so well; he was not reverent. When Kenelm sung, they were again in tears. Some said it could not be Kenelm; others, that while Kenelm sung, an angel carried on the song.

The dean said, "Are we now agreed?"

"I think so," said Anthony, "Kenelm must be the new canon." And Kenelm was elected; for all agreed that he had sung the best. "And," said Anthony, "I am sure, Barnard, that you are right; if we would maintain our choir, it must be by training them to serve God, and to regard music as a secondary thing. I deeply regret that I did not send Ulric away when a boy; now he is, as it were, one of us, and we must bear his shame. It is very painful to me."

"Anthony, I know you did it for the best," answered Barnard.

Kenelm was called in, and told he was minor canon of St. Cuthbert's; and a purse of money was put into the hand of the new member. "I have added the receipt for the cow," said Barnard, smiling on his favourite.

As he went out, he offered to share the purse with Ulric, who was waiting; but he proudly refused.

"It is very unfair, Kenelm; you know that

I ought to have it. I suppose they have heard that I go to the baron's hall, and they hate the baron. He shall know of their unfairness."

The good Kenelm was welcomed by all. "We are glad you have succeeded," said the young men. "We are glad you have succeeded," said the boys;" and the dean sent for him, and gave him his blessing. He sang for many years, and soon assisted Barnard in teaching the choristers. The same mind animated him now. Barnard said, "It is a great pleasure to reflect, that when I die, I leave others to follow up my plans. It is an ample recompense to me for many anxieties. I have been misunderstood, and I have unintentionally offended some by adhering to my rule of trusting more to the disposition of the boys than to their skill; we may teach to sing, but if they only care to sing for praise, or gain, we are better without them."

Barnard lived very many years. Long after he could teach, he would come, leaning on Kenelm's arm, into the school. He liked to see the young children gathered round his former pupil; he would tell them of heaven, and good angels, and call them the angels of the church. "Be good and obedient to Kenelm, he was so to me, my dear children."

Under Kenelm's care, the choir lost none of its old reputation; there was no choir so well selected, and none that had so many good and faithful servants of God. They were careful whom they admitted, and as soon as they found any of the young men preferring the world to



the service of God, they continued to teach them, but took care they should not be of the choir.

Ulric went to Baron Ravensfield, and told him the canons had found out he came very often to the baron's hall, and they had, on that account, refused to elect him minor canon.

"Never mind, Ulric, you shall stay here until the vacancy happens in the next parish; I have a right to present to the rectory, and the dean thinks that he has; but we will see. I will present you at the next vacancy."

Ulric was glad to be away from St. Cuthbert's; he thought little of opposing those who had educated him. He would still sing songs, and grew every day worse, more wicked, and more careless. Bad men do not stand still, they grow more evil every day.

Anthony heard this, and sent for Ulric.

He would not come, and said, "I do not associate with the baron's enemies."

Anthony went to him at the risk of his life; he begged him to leave the baron's hall, to remember his ordination vows. If he did not like St. Cuthbert's, he offered to send him to his uncle, at Lincoln. But his prayers and entreaties had no effect.

"I will not go into the choir, or go to Lincoln. I have all I want here."

"But not all for hereafter."

"You cannot tell that, Anthony; leave me to myself."

Anthony left him, almost broken-hearted. He

died soon after. The canons said that Ulric's conduct had grieved him. He was a good man, and felt he had not been so severe on Ulric as he ought to have been. He would not disguise his mistake from himself. His humility increased, and, with it, his love for Barnard. He would often send for him to pray with him, and ask him to bring Kenelm.

We may, indeed, pray against hardness of heart. Ulric's was hardening every day. He rode with the baron, and was foremost in the jest. "I hear you will soon go to St. Dunstan's—the old rector is dying," said he, "and we will have a feast whenever the vacancy happens."

But Ulric was not so soon to receive the reward of wickedness; the rector recovered, and the young clergy of St. Cuthbert's did all the duties of his church.

But he died in the next year, and the party assembled. The baron said, "I will triumph over these clergy; they shall not rule me, or alter my plans. My father gave them my lands; when they are as strong as I am, let them take them; but if they do, I will—"

"No, don't say what you will do," said Ulric. He trembled at the prospect before him.

The songs were sung—Ulric was loudest. "Let us go to the house, and carry out the old rector."

"Agreed, agreed," said every voice. Ulric was excited. "Yes, let me have possession!"

"Now," said he, "one cup to Ulric, all round." and they drank to the bottom of the great cup.

"Another," shouted the baron, "to the defeat of the clergy of St. Cuthbert's."

"Yes, yes," shouted Ulric. "Kenelm I have beaten to-day!" They drank, and were all drunken.

Out they poured, the baron leading them. It was a mile to the little house, and they could see the lights and the church spire close by; but they soon separated. Then they hallooed; one could not move; another said, he saw many lights. None reached the rector's house.

The morning broke upon them; they had wandered to different places. The baron found himself in a cottage where he had knocked, and called for Ulric to come; and then had fallen asleep, overcome with drunkenness and fatigue.

He returned to the hall, and the party assembled had different tales to tell. One said a man led him away; he felt his hand. Another said, the lights swung before his eyes, he could not see the way. One went to St. Cuthbert's, and found himself at the door of the cathedral at the hour of morning prayer.

But where was Ulric? No one knew. The baron never saw him after they left the door of the hall. The guard at the postern said some one joined him at the gate, and he heard only, "Rector dead." He must be gone to St. Cuthbert's.

The baron sent to the cathedral, no one had heard of him there.

Many years passed away. Ulric's name was never spoken without a shudder; for all believed the evil spirits had carried him away. But it

was found, after many years, what had become of Ulric.

They began to drain a marsh near the rector's, and they struck on something. They dug round, and it was Ulric! The peat had blackened his skin, but preserved the body. His face was distorted, and a miserable sight!

The baron was now dead, but his son went to see the body of the priest he had often seen in his father's hall. He turned back, shocked at the sight, and sent word to restore the lands to the cathedral, which he afterwards enriched by many gifts.

Kenelm was many years canon, and gave the figures of the angels which support the beams, causing them to be carved, at great cost, says the record of his pious liberality.

It grieved him to hear Ulric's name; and his body was not found during his life-time. Finding himself near his end, he sent for the boys to sing a psalm. They began the 130th, and they thought Kenelm joined them. One whispered, it was the voice of his youth come back again; but his lips did not move, for he was dead! "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord!" When the psalm was ended, and they found Kenelm was gone, they wept for their loss—"Our good kind master is no more!" Some said, "God had sent his angel to sing the last psalm, because Kenelm could not sing, for he certainly began."

And now they say that every chorister who lives a holy life, and with his voice lifts up his heart in praise to God, hears Kenelm's voice

joining in the daily chant, and singing in the anthem of praise. Many, very many have heard him sing, and are gone to join the heavenly choir; and, we trust, many more walking in the fear of God will hear that voice, which is always heard by the gentle and good when they praise their God in song.

"It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy Name, O Most High!"

Thus ends the Legend of St. Cuthbert.

When Kenelm died, a storm blew off some of the ornaments from the tower of St. Cuthbert's. The beautiful face on the north side is that of Kenelm, and the opposite one is Ulric; they were carved as a warning to choristers, and to keep the story in remembrance.

The boys attended to the story, asked Mr. Harvey's permission to write it in their books.

"Charles," they all said, "we will listen for the angels' voices when we go to church again."

"And when shall mother's bosom find,  
With all its deep love-learned skill,  
A prayer so sweetly to her mind,  
As, in this sacred hour and still,

Is wafted from the white-robed choir,  
Ere yet the pure high-breathed lay,  
'Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,'  
Rise floating on its dove-like way!

And when it comes so deep and clear  
The strain, so soft the melting fall,  
It seems not to the entranced ear  
Less than thine own heart-cheering call."

A year had passed away : it was again Holy Innocents' day ; the same words had been said in church, and the same anthem sung. Charles proposed that they should take the same walk they had done the year before, and George readily agreed to go with him. "Do you remember the old man," said he, "we met on the road, whose basket we carried?"

"Yes," said Charles, "I remember him very well : and we have done a year's more angels' work since that time—and, George, I have prayed for that old man ; for I know that he could not be happy : he only thought of the money that must perish. When we die, we can carry nothing out of the world with us ; and I do not think the old man ever thought of that."

"Why he was very old, very old indeed, Charles. And do you think such an old man never thought death must be near ? He said he had heard of the Revelations, and what you told him about angels : and in the Psalms it says, 'The days of men are threescore years and ten ; and though men be so strong that they come to fourscore years, yet is their strength then but labour and sorrow, so soon passeth it away, and we are gone.' Do not you think he must have read that?"

"No doubt of it, George ;" but reading is one thing, and heeding another. If he had no thought but of making money, I can well believe that if he heard these words, they would have no effect upon him ; and I would not think thus of such an old man, had he not offered us money to

show him where the treasures were which neither rust nor moth can corrupt."

"Here is the very stile we leaned upon: I wonder what has become of the old man! I have never seen him since, and perhaps he may be dead by this time."

"Perhaps so, George. Let us hope, if so, he may yet have had some kind friend to warn him, and some minister to bless him, in God's name, before he died."

"Why, Charles, there is the old man coming, I really believe. He has no basket, but leans on a stick. Look through that bush—now—as far as you can see. Is it not the old man?"

Charles looked, and said, "No, it is not likely;" and then, "Yes, it is the old man; but he is more tottering than he was last year. How slow he walks! Let us go and meet him."

They walked quietly on; the old man looked hard at them. "Good day, master," said they to him.

"Good day, lads; I have seen you before, haven't I? Did not you carry a basket for me, last year—at this very time last year, or thereabout, I believe?"

"Yes, master," said Charles, "we carried your basket to the next turn of the road."

"You are the boys, then, that do the angels' work, as you told me. Well, do you still do it?"

"I do," said George; "but Charles has not lately done so much."

"Ah! how is that? Does that trade, like all others, get worse every year?"

"No, master," said Charles ; "my voice fails me : I cannot sing now as I used to do, but I try to lift up my heart to God, and to join in song when I can."

"I am glad we have met, for I wanted to talk to you again. Is it not a strange chance that a year should pass away, and we find ourselves on the same ground we were a year ago?"

"Not a chance, master," said Charles ; "the guiding hand of the same good Providence is over us now that watched then. We came here to-day because we remembered this day last year ; and I thought of you, and I hope have thought more of angels' work since."

"And I have thought, too, about the treasures, boys ; for I suppose you both know about them : and I understand what you mean. But do you really think God will provide for you?"

"I really believe so," said Charles ; "because for many years I could not help myself, and God provided me with kind parents, who watched over me and kept me. Why should I, then, doubt that He will forget me when I grow old, if I do not forget him while I am young?"

"But do not you mean to work, boy? Do you think you will be fed as the children of Israel were—by a miracle?"

"Certainly not ; I shall be a schoolmaster, if I live. I shall go to the training college, and when I know sufficient to teach others, then I shall be a master, and have boys to teach, as all other masters have."

"Well, then, you are to work for your living,



as I do; that's what you mean, after all. Every one must work, or starve."

"Yes, I am to work, but not as you do; for you told me you liked money, and worked with that object. I hope to put by sufficient every year of my young days against old age comes, and the time when I cannot work; and what is over I will give to the poor and to the Church of God."

"People don't get many thanks, boy, for what they give away."

"I am glad of it," said Charles, "for then I shall have my reward in heaven, which is better than thanks."

"You are, really, strange boys; but I like to talk with you. Now tell me, what are you going to do to-day?"

"To play and talk together, and eat our dinners, and then go back to school in time for evening prayers."

"Well, then, come and eat your dinners at Master Wilson's cottage here. He'll give you a draught of milk, instead of cold water, and be glad to see you. They call him in the village a right-down Churchman; and, to say truth, he is the most straightforward, punctual man I know—we often talk about religion—and then I will go to church with you."

They walked on, and soon came to the cottage. The old man found Master Wilson at home. "Master Wilson," he said, "I have brought you two of the chorister boys; they met me on the road last year, and carried my basket, when I

was at work at Davey's farm: and they are boys you will like. I think you will understand them better than I do. They call this a Saint's day: it doesn't seem to me different from other days."

"They are right; and I hope this day, God, who has made infants to glorify him by their death, may bless you by these lads; for if they have been at St. Mark's, they have been rightly instructed in God's word. I know them, and they remember me. I go sometimes to church there, and sit near the pillar."

"I remember you," said George; "you sit the same side as I do, near the reading desk."

The old men talked over their business, and they went out together. The boys turned over Master Wilson's Bible, which had many beautiful plates, and was greatly prized by him. Mrs. Wilson spread them a cloth, and brought a plentiful supply of milk; and after asking a blessing on their meal, they sat down.

"Well, Charles, I never thought we should see the old man again: and at the end of a year, here we are talking to him as if it were only yesterday."

"And yet it has been a year of change to us. You have passed your first examination: I am going away. You will be first boy in the school; and I shall miss you, George, very much; and Mr. Harvey, too. It is a great check when we know one who loves us watches over us every day. We are kept by it from much that is wrong: but God sees us, and I must trust to him who never leaves nor forsakes his servants. This is my hope now; and I must ever be grate-

ful to Mr. Harvey, that he has taught me to know my duty to God and to my neighbour: but I feel very much the wish that I had some one to advise me—another Mr. Harvey.”

“And,” said George, “I shall be alone too: hitherto I have had you as my friend. This is, perhaps, the last Innocents’ day we may pass together.”

“I hope not,” said Charles. “It is a great pleasure to see how the choir improves; and I hope it will improve every year in good feeling. If men without any religious bond agree together, those who are especially one family should agree, and aid each other in every way they can. Choristers ought to be always at unity.”

“I fear,” said George, “we shall be a long time before we get rid of all differences among ourselves. Every one wishes to lead, and change his place, when the choir-master is away.”

“I hope not, George: and as I shall return here to my friends every year, I shall expect to find some improvement every time that I come. Keep a good example before the lesser boys, and you will soon find the benefit. Above all things, avoid quarrels; because if the elder boys agree well together, they will soon find the little ones refer their differences to them.”

Master Wilson now came in, and the old man with him. They had been to look at a cottage which needed some repairs, and Master Wilson had always employed James Turner. As they walked, Turner related to him how he first began his acquaintance with the lads; and told him he

intended to go back and go to church—the first time this twenty years.

“Turner, it's a bad rule to live by, but worse to die by. I would not have to answer for such neglect of duty to God for twice what they say you are worth; and though I believe you to be a fair-dealing man, and a good neighbour, yet it is a sad thing to say you have not been to church for twenty years.”

“I have read my Bible at home, Master Wilson, every Sunday, is not that enough?”

“And so have I, Master Turner, a hundred times in twenty years, perhaps more, but I am never the nearer heaven for that; I wish people would understand that reading our Bible is not all our duty to God, but only the means of learning that duty.”

“Then you do not think, Master Wilson, I have served God at all.”

“Not at all, Turner; it is no use to tell you that I do, for I do not believe you have, and I am very glad these boys have met you; you may yet have to say that their answer was true—angels met you by the way.”

The two old men sat down and ate their meal, the boys ran into the farm-yard, watched the cows at their stalls, and amused themselves with the fowls, and examining in the farming implements, until the time came for returning.

“Now, lads,” said the old man, “we must be walking, for I am slow of foot; threescore years and five do not quicken our pace, unless it be down the hill of life.”

Charles and George started with the old man, and thanked him for taking them to Master Wilson's.

"You are welcome, lads; Master Wilson is a good man, and I only wish I had paid more attention to what he said when I first knew him. He has been always a sober, steady, orderly man, never interfering with any one, or finding fault with his neighbour, high or low, and now every body in the village likes him."

"And they like him," said Charles, "because he is a good man, and does not neglect his duties."

"Yes," said the old man, "though I suppose some have not much respect for him on that account."

As they passed by some of the cottages, the old man told them how many men he had known in each house; one by one they had passed away, and he seemed to be standing alone. At last they came to his own cottage, and he said, "I must rest here a little while, this is my home, and you go on to the school, I will meet you at church." The boys went on to school: it was a hard struggle for Turner; a voice seemed to say, "What will people say if you go to church? they never saw you there before, you will look strange, it is no use beginning so late, you won't know what they do, or how they pray: but fortunately, amid many sins he had kept his word, and this virtue saved him from these enemies of his soul. "I have promised," said he to himself, and he

began to wash and to get out his clothes ; his neighbour came in to offer to light his fire.

"No, I am going out," said he.

"Well, that is strange, Master Turner, you to go out again without tea ; I never knew that done before : what next, I wonder !"

He put on his best coat, and soon heard the tolling of the bell. When he got into church there was no one there ; he was first, and as he looked around, the stillness quieted him ; one came in, then another, and last of all the choir. Charles gave the old man a book, and kindly offered to look over him that he might find the places.

Mr. Harvey came in, and the services began. It was very strange to Turner ; yet as everybody seemed to join, he felt there was a communion in their prayer and praises ; and though he could not find words, as we sometimes cannot, to express our thoughts, yet he felt there was something in the worship of God which he ought but could not enter into. He however joined in prayer, and added his Amen to their loud response.

He was attentive to the service, and when the sermon was preached he was uneasy. It was on the Epistle, "And in their mouth was no guile." In speaking of this, Mr. Harvey particularly alluded to this mark of the followers of the Redeemer, that they had not given their tongues to speak filthily, or to curse and swear. He explained to them that the language of heaven was learned upon earth ; that true joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, were sure to

produce a change in the very tone of our language.

When the sermon was ended, Charles walked home with the old man, and George joined them as soon as they left the church.

"Well, boys, I am very thankful that I met you ; but for that I might never have gone to church at all ; and now I have begun, by God's goodness, I will not leave off."

"Shall Mr. Harvey call on you ?" said Charles.

"No," said the old man, "why should he be troubled about me ? I can go to his church without his calling on me."

"He would not think it a trouble ; he is God's minister, and is glad to seek for Christ's sheep."

"For Christ's sheep ? for Christ's sheep ?" interrupted the old man ; "but I am not, I fear, unless it be a lost sheep."

"I shall ask him," said Charles, "for I know you would like to see him ; and beside, he would tell you what I cannot, and can speak to you of holy things as one who has authority from God to teach sinners the way of salvation."

"Ask him," said Turner ; "I am at home every evening now, and will come as often as I can on week-days to church, but you must sit by me until I know the places in the Prayer-book."

"And when Charles goes away I will sit by you, if you please," said George, "and come and see you."

"I shall be very glad to see you, and to hear what you learn, for angels' work must be good work, my lads ; I wish when I was young I had

been able to follow the good examples I had in my parents, and to practise my duty. It's a very hard lesson to begin at sixty-five, but I must try to learn."

"But not an impossible lesson," said Charles. "I have heard Mr. Harvey say, labourers were called into our Lord's vineyard at the third, sixth, ninth, and eleventh hours, which mean all times of life."

"Where is that?" said the old man.

"I will find it," said Charles; and he marked the passage in the Testament.

"You think, then, that though it is the eleventh hour, I may yet work in the vineyard?"

"Yes, I believe so; but Mr. Harvey will explain this to you. I know he said, that every man who worked received his reward, and so says the Evangelist; but that no man could quote this in support of putting off repentance until he came to die, for then he could not be called a labourer."

The boys bade the old man good night, and called at the parsonage to tell Mr. Harvey of their adventure, that they had met the old man, and that he had been to church, and wished to see him.

"Who is it?" said Mr. Harvey.

"Master Turner, at the cottage by the road," said Charles: "he does not appear to have thought of his duty to God, for he said he had neglected it many years; he did not even know the places in the Prayer-book. He is at home every evening."



Mr. Harvey was very glad, and promised to see him, saying, "You may be messengers of mercy to this man's soul, and if so, God has been very good to you."

He bade them good night, and sent them home with his blessing.

George could not quite understand this, until Charles explained, that if by the grace of God old Turner should be brought to a holy life, then their being the first means of bringing him to church, where he heard God's word and joined in prayer, would be a blessing to their souls. Read what St. James says in his Epistle, in the 5th chap. and 20th verse.

Charles and George went each to their homes : another Holy Innocents' Day was passed, Charles trusted, even more happily than the former.

The old man for the first time during many years knelt by his bedside to pray ; his wife, his children, all his friends, had been dead some years, yet he had never prayed. As each one departed, he had been sorrowful ; he had felt great grief when his wife, a good partner, was taken from him, and had sent for a clergyman—in such a case it was his duty ; every body did so. Now he really began to think he must soon lie on that same bed of sickness and suffering on which they had died. He prayed the Lord's Prayer first, and then he entreated Christ to have mercy on his soul. He knew no more prayers. As he got up from his knees and sat upon his bed he did not know himself. He had not prayed for years : why did he now ? He knew

he had been a grievous sinner, and he must change his life.

The next evening Mr. Harvey called upon Turner ; he found him alone, sitting by his fire and deep in thought. When he entered he welcomed him, and put a seat on the opposite side, and then lighted a candle, for he had been sitting by the light of the fire, which threw a red glare over the room.

"I am very glad to see you, sir ; I never thought to see a clergyman until I was on my dying bed. God is merciful to me ; you are most truly welcome, and those good boys, bless them for bringing you."

"I am very glad to see you, Master Turner. I knew you did not go to church, and that you thought it a matter that did not concern you. If my boys have been the means of bringing you nearer to God, let us bless His name, that He can out of the mouths of the young perfect praise."

"I do not believe I should have thought about my duty to God if these boys had not met me ; and when, after a year, I found we stood on the same spot, and they had the same story to tell, I thought it time to reflect on my past life ; and, to tell the truth, I feel myself growing an older man ; there is no mistaking the signs of advancing age."

"And you have," said Mr. Harvey, "resolved that you would give the remainder of your days to the service of God, as far as you can do so ? You wish to serve him ?"

"I do, indeed," said Turner, earnestly. "I

know it is a hard lesson to begin late in life, but your eldest lad, Charles—I forget his name—Charles—ah, never mind, bless him!—he told me that you had said there was time to work for those who came into the vineyard at the eleventh hour; and it is the eleventh hour with me—quite the last hour: my day is well-nigh spent.”

“Yes, but not too late. I am very glad I see you a hale old man. You might have been sick, and then we can hardly tell what is the real state of a man’s mind. Disease and pain are very humbling to our bodies. Do you know anything of a Christian’s duty?”

“I have read my Bible every Sunday,” said the old man.

“Have you loved your Bible? Have you helped the poor, forgiven your enemies, loved God with all your heart, your neighbour as yourself? These are the landmarks to know what you have done or left undone.”

“I fear not. I am sure I have not loved God with all my heart, or my neighbour as myself. I will tell you, sir, what a life I have led, and you will then see, as I do now, and hope to do more, the rock on which I have split, and I dare say many others:—

“I was born in a village close by this place. My parents were kind people. My poor mother was a very good woman; she took me to church every Sunday, and sent me first to a dame’s school in the village, and then to a town school when I grew up, and was too big or too troublesome for the old dame. I soon found that my

school was so far from home that I could play truant. I got into company with a set of bad boys, and played truant at least once a week, sometimes more, during the first three months I was at school. I was found out, severely beaten, and a notice of bad conduct was sent to my mother. She was very fond of me. My other brothers were away from home, and I was her youngest child. She grieved very much, and I promised not to do so badly for the future.

"I did not play truant for some months, and the boys laughed at me, and said I was a coward, I was afraid of the beating. But it was not that, sir; I really did love my poor mother, and I knew it grieved her. At last Dick Simpson, he that was transported twenty-four years ago, persuaded me to go out with him again. I told a lie, and went. This led me wrong; for the next time, when I refused, he said if I did not go he would tell master. Then I was afraid; I knew I should be punished for telling so bad a falsehood, and for being truant; and I went on, from bad to worse.

"We were the plague of everybody in our neighbourhood. Dick was a thoroughly bad fellow; but I won't accuse him, I was as bad, for I had a good home, and a good father and mother. Well, sir, we were caught again. I was beaten severely, and said I would never go to that school again. My father did not see much of me, he was at his work, and my mother tried to persuade me; she even offered me money; and there, poor woman, was her mistake. If she had

been firm, and made me bear the rod, I should have given her less trouble. I fear I broke her heart; it is no use denying the truth. She took me to the door of the school, but I ran back, and she had not courage to see me flogged. How I have wished, as God has chastised me for my sins, I had been more dutiful! Disobedience to parents is the root of every sin. All my troubles in life, and all the misery I have endured, have sprung from this; and when I saw your lads making this duty the first thought of their lives, I began to think of my own, and to ask where was my first error. Well, sir, God be thanked! I have suffered for my sins. I may say, I wish to bear anything rather than repine at chastisements. I did not go to school, but ran about the village. Sometimes I kept birds from the corn; sometimes I helped a neighbouring farmer; but I had got into irregular habits, they could not depend on me, and I very seldom got employment twice at the same place.

“I grew up a stout, strong lad, and my father said he would not allow this any longer; I must choose some trade, and be apprenticed; this kind of life, he said, is ruin. ‘What will you be?’ said he. ‘I will be a carpenter,’ I said; for I had often been in the carpenters’ shops to see them work, and thought I liked it. The next week I went on trial for a month. It was new work to me, and I liked it; besides, I thought myself quite a man: I had a flannel jacket and a paper cap, such as the men had. At the end of the month my father came to see me, and it was

agreed I should be apprenticed within a fortnight. I was very well pleased ; and when the time came, my father paid the money, and it was every penny he had saved for years. But I can see his cheerful face ; he paid it, sir, as you may say a king would do, freely. I did not think then he would ever regret what he had done, though I did learn my trade. My master was well suited to me. He was a very close man, made me careful of his work and materials, suffered no waste of any kind. He knew me, too, exactly. He would not allow me to go out of the shop until after work, and made me go to dinner with him, and come back as soon as I had done. I soon became a pretty good workman, and could earn as much as men who had full wages. I became discontented, and complained. I wanted my master to pay me for overtime. He said he did not agree to it, and would not. I went on for six months grumbling and threatening, but afraid to move. I knew my master would put me in prison if I ran away.

“ I ought to tell you I made a chest of drawers for my poor old mother. I never shall forget her pleasure. She showed it to everybody ; never were the like seen. She drew the drawers in and out, to see how nicely they fitted ; and when I left, they were in the most conspicuous place in the large kitchen, covered with a nice piece of baize, and shown to everybody as her boy's work.

“ I went on until there came a great deal of work. My master drove us hard ; we worked

early and late; the men, sir, made seven and a half days to the week. You will understand me when I say it is overtime that does it; a working day is ten hours. I worked, too, and master gave me two shillings. I was very angry, but said nothing. I went on Sunday to see my father and mother. It was the last time I ever saw them. They talked about its being not two years until I was out of my time, and what I should do. For a short time I had really changed my purpose; but I thought of the two shillings—it was such a mockery! I had earned ten, besides a man's full wages. It was a nice evening, warm and clear, as I came out of the cottage door. My heart was full. I went back, and kissed my old mother again. We had not spent a happier day for many years; and as I passed under the tall elm-trees I thought, 'I shall not see you again for many a long day.' It was hard to resolve to go—but the two shillings!—and then, instead of going home, I started for London, to get employment at the docks as ship's carpenter. I knew it was no use staying in England, for my master would take me and put me in prison. I walked all night; and when the morning broke I was in the great city, without a friend, and with but five shillings in my pocket. I went to the docks; there was a demand for hands; and in two days I was beating up the channel, on a long voyage to Australia, with emigrants there, and to load the ship with wool for England. I was free—that was my first thought; and there was a pleasure in that freedom; it was like the fresh air

on a cold clear morning, when you feel there is health in every breath of it.

“ But I did not think of the sorrow I had left behind me. The morning after, I found my master sent an angry message after me, and my mother sent word I had left to come to his house on Sunday night. They were all alarmed ; for I had not said a word to any one about going away, and I did not write home until I was in the vessel going out of the Thames. My mother then told my master, and took him the letter. He pretended he did not believe it, and told her he would advertise me. She entreated him not ; but he put bills up through our village. That broke my mother’s heart ; she never looked up again. About six months after she sickened and died, and the poor old man only lived a month after. I was not home for five years. Our captain broke the ship’s articles, taking the vessel to Timor and Calcutta, when he had agreed to come direct from Australia back to England ; and when we came to Sidney I claimed my discharge.

“ I wrote home, but never heard a word from any one. I worked on some steam-vessels building at Paramatta, and afterwards went to Hobart Town. I saved some money. For five years I lived in that part of the world, and lived a very bad life. I was careful of my money, but not of my conduct ; I never went to church, and acquired habits, which have never left me, of ridiculing all religion.

“ At last, I came home. No one knew me ; I was bronzed by the sun and altered in appear-



ance. The first visit I paid was to the old cottage. I found new tenants. The house was just the same, and some of the neighbours had taken care of the few things my father left behind, if ever I came home. I found my old master was dead, and resolved at once to begin to work for myself. I began, and with great success. I took rough work, and was always quick at my work, and moderate in my charges, and though often doing wrong, not a liar: people could depend on me. Master Wilson and I then made acquaintance, and I have been friendly with him ever since, though he is a very different man from me—a very good man.

“ Soon after I came home, I was married; and it was a good day for my comfort. We went to church, and I began to be regular; but old habits are not soon got rid of. I frequently drank hard, and abused my dear wife at such times; though she was a very good wife to me. And, withal, I was a careful—I fear, a covetous man. I drove hard bargains, and began to love money. If work pressed, I worked the whole of Sunday; it is so much more clear gain, I said. I had three children born in the first five years of our marriage; they all died, and I believe it was that caused my wife's death. She had nursed the last child with great care, and when it died she never looked up again, and only lived about a year after; she seemed happy to die. I believe she really has gone to rest. She never spoke an ill word of any one, and was kind to her neighbours. She went to her duty constantly, when I would let

her ; and, with all my ridicule, still tried to live as a Christian ought. After her death, I did not think of anything but making money. I had about 500*l.*, and I hoarded everything. In the panic, when the bank broke, I lost all, and very nearly my reason too. I went to bed, and could eat nothing. I cannot tell you what I felt ; I was a ruined man, and my heart was as hard as ever. I never, sir, thought for a moment of those who suffered with me ; all my care was for myself. I got better, and when there was a dividend of five shillings in the pound, I recovered my spirits, and put my money into the funds, and part in the savings' bank ; and I have worked on ever since. My house and the bit of ground is my own, and by the increase of the town my little property has increased in value, until I have enough to live upon. I have, for years, made the most of everything ; my garden has supplied many necessaries, and I think, perhaps, I have left off bad habits as much to save money as for a good purpose. You know how I met the lads a year ago, but you do not know how very angry I was when I saw them so happy ; it was such a misery to see others enjoying the day, while I was working hard, and yet it was nothing to me. The rest you know."

Mr. Harvey listened to this tale, occasionally interrupted when the old man's feelings overcame him, as he spoke of his parents, and of their death, or of his wife. He was silent, and Mr. Harvey said, " Now you have only a few years of life left ; it may be, perhaps, but one."

"I know it, sir," said he; "I am the more anxious to know what to do. I trust that I do believe in the blessed Redeemer, and hope he will cleanse me from my sins; but what can I do to serve God?"

"Only," said Mr. Harvey, "be patient, consistent, and quiet in your behaviour. You will have your trials. You have told me you could save money; henceforward, give it to the poor. You will know many a neighbour with a large family, who struggles hard to live and bring them up—help them; and whenever you can do your neighbour any kindness, do it."

"I will try," said the old man, "and pray to God for his help; and you will also pray for me?"

"Yes, you will need to be regular in your prayers; and as you will find some difficulty at first, I will get you a book of prayers, which you can use night and morning; and you can attend church whenever your labour permits. Keep on some trifling occupation; it will prevent your days from being long. Employment is good for us all. At a future time I will speak to you again, and if anything should trouble your mind, come to me. I must say, also, one last thing; If persons laugh at you, bear it very patiently. Do not be angry, because you have given them occasion to scoff; they will soon cease to laugh, if you continue to pray."

Mr. Harvey left the old man, and hoped that he might continue in the good course he had so lately begun. He was not confident, for he had

seen many make a fair profession of religion, and then fall away. He had seen, too, many who could not bear the ridicule of their fellows, and had been ashamed of being religious, because men laughed at them.

The old man was, however, thoroughly convinced of the necessity of a change in life; the good precepts of his mother often came to his mind; the seed she had sown was now, late in life, to bring forth fruit. But there were many trials, as Mr. Harvey had foreseen; Turner's former life was a great temptation; his old companions would at first laugh at him; and then, when he spoke seriously, they would remind him of what he had formerly said to them. He found great difficulties in every step of his way; he was old in the ways of the world. But there was one who did rejoice over this change, it was Master Wilson. He had never left his parish church on Sundays, except when compelled; and he resolved to go with Turner the first Sunday; "I know," said he, "the difficulties he will have," and he walked over with his wife. Turner was glad to see them, and welcomed them. He had got his dinner, and taken it to the bakehouse, when Master Wilson came; and he said, "Now I shall have a happy day." And it was a happy day for both. Wilson was very glad to see how his friend was changed in mind. They talked over the past—of the numerous friends they had known when they were young men together, of whom very few were left; of the old rector, who had died the year before, and who had married Turner; of the many changes

that had happened : some had grown rich, and others, from being rich, had become very poor. The old men again went to evening prayer, and then Wilson and his wife walked homewards ; Turner going with them a part of the way, and telling them how thankful he was that he had not been cut off while living without any thought of God.

Mr. Harvey did not send for Charles, or notice to him that he had seen Turner. He knew how dangerous it would be for him to think that he had done a great thing. He had, it was true, done his duty as a Christian, and very modestly. He had done what would benefit his own soul, if he could be kept from self-conceit ; and, therefore, he delayed speaking of it until Charles went again to the training college. Then it was he sent for him, and told him what had passed ; that the old man was regular at church, and, he hoped, in his private devotions. He expressed a hope that what had been done might not be in vain ; " But, my dear boy," said he, " do not forget the praise belongs to God, who has made you a means of good ; be humble, and never speak of this ; you will then be blessed."

Charles understood this, and said, " I can see there is a danger, and I will try to avoid it. I have only thought it was through me the old man came to you ; and if I have felt disposed to pride myself on it, have checked it by prayer. I suppose it is not possible to try to do good without feeling we are making the attempt."

" Yes, but to do good must be our habit of

mind ; so that an individual act, which might excite others' praise, should be common to us ; it should be our custom. God grant us this habit of mind ! You have a life before you to learn and to practise it," said Mr. Harvey ; "lessons for heaven are learned best while we are young. Begin now ; and with the examples of holy men before you, and with prayer for Divine guidance, you will not fail."

Charles left Mr. Harvey, and went to see Turner ; he was very glad to see him. "I am going back to the training school," said he, "and have come to say good-bye."

"And God bless you too!" said the old man. "Come and see me always when you come home, and tell George to come when he can."

Charles promised that he would never neglect to see him ; and the next day he left home for London. George missed him very much ; he had done good in the school, by always showing a sound religious principle in all that he did. He did not act on every impulse, but stayed to inquire what was right and what was wrong ; and, under many discouragements, had set a good example to the school.

George determined to follow him, and, I believe, he did so ; for he gained the respect of the boys, and the affection of his master and the rector of the parish. About two years after, he went to the College for Schoolmasters. At each vacation, Charles went to see his old friend. He was a welcome guest, and Turner would always have the boys one night to tea with him. He kept

Holy Innocents' Day, going twice to church, and walking over to Master Wilson's between the morning and evening services : a most blessed day, he would call it. And he led a consistent life. He did not talk about his religion, he lived by its rules. He struggled against his covetous nature, and would give alms quietly, keeping the poor always in remembrance, and going to his neighbours when they were ill. He believed God's word, and did his alms in secret ; his left hand knew not what his right hand did.

He had long received the communion at the Holy Trinity Church, and appeared to be waiting his time. It came at last ; he caught cold, and was confined to his bed. Becoming weaker every day, he sent for Mr. Harvey, and begged to receive the holy communion. Master Wilson came to join, for the last time, with his old friend, and to confess his faith in the blessed Redeemer's passion. " I shall soon follow you, Turner," he said.

Mr. Harvey, in the thought that the old man would soon be no more of the Church on earth, rejoiced that he had, though late, yet for the last four years of life, walked consistently. When he died, there were many who said they had lost a good friend ; and Turner, the miserly old man, when changed into the humble Christian, had learned to rejoice in doing good to all men, and left many who mourned his death.

" What has the old man done with his money ?" the neighbours began to ask, when they heard that Turner had died in the night, and that Mr.

Harvey and Master Wilson had been with him. He had given directions where he wished to be buried, and asked Mr. Harvey to see to that, saying, "I have left enough, sir, to pay all expenses." He did not say more.

But he had done more; after his death they found a will in the bureau, labelled, "The last Will and Testament of James Turner." It began in the usual form of wills,—“In the name of God. Amen,”—and directed first, that 50*l.* be paid to his old friend, Master John Wilson; 10*l.* to each of the lads, Charles Simmons and George Slater; 10*l.* to the poor; and “I give and bequeath to the rector of the parish of the Holy Trinity, for the time being, my tenements and gardens, in trust, that he may dispose of the same, and with the proceeds purchase or erect a new school and school-house for choristers, to be called St. Mark’s Choral School.”

With the proceeds of Turner’s estate, the new buildings have been erected; and it is hoped that a foundation which is the thank-offering of a penitent, may educate choristers whose holy lives will witness to many generations the blessings that attend the servants of the Lord, who daily offer to him a sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving.

Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord.



---

**DO YOUR BEST.**





## DO YOUR BEST.



"PAPA, I shall never be able to get on at school, I am sure I shall not," said Frederic Selbie to his father, when he came home from the grammar school to which he had gone for the first time.

"And why not, my dear boy? Shall I fancy a few reasons for you. The school looked so old, and the carved faces at the door were so ugly, and the masters looked so grave, and the boys were most of them strangers, and—"

"No, no, papa, it is not for any of these reasons. All the boys are before me, I can never catch them up; nearly every one is through the Latin grammar; even little Grover reads Delectus. I thought that I should be quite sure to be before him, because he did not know the Kings and Queens of England so well as I did, or even little Julia. He did not know Plantagenet from Tudor, and was going to put Stephen after William Rufus, but Julia corrected him."

"He knows more of Latin grammar than you do, Freddy; that is quite plain, is it not?" said Mr. Selbie.

"Yes, papa," said Frederic, in a very mournful tone.

"Now, Freddy, I am going to give you a lesson, a very short one, and not to be learned without practice, but a lesson that I wish you to practise every day of your life; I may almost call it a religious lesson. 'Do your best.' Understand that I do not send you to school to get before other boys, to beat little Grover or Smith. I do not want you to think you will please me when you come home and say 'I have got before another boy:' if you satisfy yourself every day that you do your best, you will satisfy me; I shall not inquire about others."

"But how am I to know, papa, when I do my best?"

"Tell me, Freddy, what you have done to day."

"Let me think, papa. I said my Latin grammar this morning, the fifth declension; and in the afternoon I repeated the first four declensions, which I had learned at home, and the fifth which I had said in the morning, and I wrote, and did some easy arithmetic."

"Did you say your lessons perfectly, and write well?"

"Yes, papa, as perfect as I could say them; I could repeat every word now to you, if you pleased to hear me. I could have done more, but Mr. Aikin said it was my first day, and we

should not do more, but begin regular work to-morrow."

"Then whatever you did do, was done to your master's satisfaction, and to your own; that is what you intend to say?"

"Yes, papa, I think so."

"Then, my dear son, that is your best. Grover's best was, I hope, a lesson in Delectus well said; and some of the elder boys' best was Latin composition, or a Greek play, but you do not yet know any thing about them. Go and play with Alice; she is very anxious to know every thing about your schoolfellows, and is, I dare say, wondering whether you have found a Dr. Birch in the school."

Freddy laughed, and ran away to Alice; he was soon busily employed in telling her many stories about the school, a mixture of true and untrue, every one of which he believed himself, because they had been told him by the boys. Dr. Maynard was, according to their account, a most formidable person; instead of a mild, amiable man, who resorted to flogging as seldom as possible, and never without suffering more pain than he gave those he punished. He had sent away two boys who came to him a third time to be flogged. But to the lesser boys he appeared a very terrible person, and Mr. Aikin very strict; they were principal masters, and, as usual, most talked about.

"But," said Alice, "are you not afraid of the Doctor? and will papa let you go to school if he is so severe?"

"Oh, Alice, I am not under the Doctor: he has not any little boys in his classes. I am not eight years old, and all his boys are twelve or thirteen; I may be five years before I go to him, or I may never go, if I am a dunce."

"Five years, and I am nine! Why, I shall be fourteen years old when you get into Dr. Maynard's class. What an immense time!"

Time always appears long to children. When the holidays are gone, it seems as if they would never come again; so long, so very long is six months to a boy.

"What did papa say? did he ask what you had done to day?"

"Yes, and when I told him I was afraid I should not get on, because all the boys were before me, he said, 'Do your best,' and so seriously, that I know he expects it of me."

"He said so to me when I said I had learned my collect before you, and would not praise me at all; but said if I only thought of saying my lessons before you could learn yours, I had better not learn at all. Papa does not like us to try to get before each other, Freddy."

Mr. Selbie had taken a correct, though, it is to be feared, not a very general view of education,—that it is a duty to cultivate the moral qualities of a child, rather than his intellectual powers. He did not object to a system of rewards and punishments, but he did not like putting boy against boy, and encouraging them to get before one another. He took pains to teach his children that a good conscience is the best guide;

he was anxious that they should do their best every day of their lives ; he knew well that there were many degrees of best, and the best of a very clever man was better in itself than the best of one less clever ; but if a man has done his best, he is entitled, said he, to his reward, as much as if it were the best of the wisest man in the world. Let every one do his best in religion, in morals, and be content to do it in that station where God has placed him, and we shall then find very much more happiness in the world than we now do ; and also prepare ourselves better for that day when every man must give an account of his deeds before an unerring though merciful Judge.

Frederic went to school regularly, and soon found that he could get on much better than he had expected. After a few weeks he had an exercise book given him, and a noun of the first and second declension to write down in school from memory.

He was pleased, and took pains to write it well.

Grover, who sat next to him, said, "Oh, Freddy, you stupid fellow ! why do you take so much pains ? it is only an exercise, it will do just as well if you do it ever so badly, and is soon done : this is not a writing lesson. Look here, Devon," he said, speaking to the boy next him ; "here is Selbie writing his exercise like copper-plate !" And they both laughed.

Freddy did not like being laughed at, but still he resolved to go on : he could not under-



stand why they should laugh because he wrote carefully. His father said, Always do your best, so he went on and finished as he had begun. When he showed up the exercise, he was told it was well done, and a good beginning; "You have been careful."

"I am glad," thought he, "I did my best, instead of caring for a laugh: that has not hurt me, and I am quite sure papa would approve what I have done."

Why did Grover laugh?—because he and Devon were careless boys, and did not like to take pains with their exercises? That was not exactly the reason; they thought Freddy was a new boy and did not know the rules of the school, and they thought when he did he would not work so hard, but prefer play to work, and not take half as long again as they did at an exercise. Little Grover was a quick boy; both he and Devon were naturally much quicker than Selbie, who was not what is called a bright boy, but he was teachable, industrious, and obedient.

Freddy Selbie worked on, always going to school in good time, and preparing his lessons carefully in the evening, so as to be ready for his next morning's task. Sometimes his father would say, "My dear boy, have you given Mr. Aikin your best to-day?" and his answer was, "Yes, I have done my best to-day;" or if he had not done so well he would give a reason: either he had taken a book to school and read it too long, or he had stayed late in the playground; and the only comment his father would

make was, "You suffer, and not I, when you do not do your best." One day he said, "You know what is your best, and that is something."

"Yes, papa, I know what is my best, and I try to do it, but I cannot always."

"Certainly not, Freddy, always: for instance, when our neighbour the printseller has some new print, to take ten minutes from a lesson," said Mr. Selbie, laughing.

"Oh, papa, that is hard on Freddy," said Alice; "as if he could not look at the prints without forgetting his lesson."

"Alice, you ought to say *without learning it*, which would be more correct."

"But he learns them at home, papa, every night; it is only to keep them perfect he says them on his way to school."

"I say them to myself, Alice; I try to say them without missing a word," answered Freddy; "and if I stop, I cannot do that, I think about what is in the pictures."

Freddy went on steadily, and at the grammar examination to class the new boys, he did as well as any boy in the class, in what he had learned, for he was careful to learn correctly.

Little Grover and Devon still continued before him, but they did not say their grammar so well, or write their exercises so neatly, as Freddy did; and he was, without knowing it, already before them, because what little he knew, he knew well.

Towards the close of the half-year, with the Catechism and Collect, a few questions were

added on the Old and New Testaments. They were given out at the close of school on Saturday, and the answers were brought before breakfast on Monday, when they usually had no lessons until the second school, as they called the after-breakfast school. The first of the questions that came to Freddy was to give a list of the kings of Israel, and of three kings after the division of the kingdom. Freddy remembered that he had seen a book in the bookcase containing all he wanted, and he said, "Now, Alice, I will play with you and Julia until papa comes home; I am sure he will lend me a book that contains all I want to write; I can copy it without any trouble."

Mr. Selbie was detained later than usual, and the children had their tea. "What a nice afternoon we have had!" said Alice; "we never get you so long, Freddy."

"No," said Freddy, "but I wish papa would come home now, for I shall hardly get my lesson done by bed time."

Freddy began to watch and to run to the door, until his mamma said, "You had better take a Bible and begin."

"What is the use, mamma, if papa's book has it all in it?"

"You will be employed, that is one use; and you will be likely to remember what gives you trouble."

Freddy got his Bible, and very reluctantly began: at the same instant Mr. Selbie came in. Freddy ran to him and said, "Papa, I want you,

if you please, to lend me your book of the Kings of Israel."

"What for, Freddy; have you not a Bible?"

"Yes, I have, but in your book they are all copied down one after another, and I can copy them without trouble. I know my Collect, my Catechism, and the Questions: I only want to finish this, and I have done for Monday."

"I cannot let you have my book, Freddy, because you will easily forget what you too easily acquire; besides, other boys may not have the book, and I have no doubt the question was given to induce you to look into your Bible, or else more questions would have been given."

"Do lend me the book, because it is so near bed-time; I will not ask it again, papa, only this once."

"Freddy, I do not ever refuse what I think is good for you: be satisfied with my answer."

"I shall never do it, papa."

"Never is a long time; you certainly never will if you wait for my book."

Freddy thought it very unkind of his papa, but was too much accustomed to obedience to say any thing. Alice felt sorry for him, as she kissed him and bade him good night.

He took his Bible and wrote from it upon his slate, "Saul, David, Solomon. Kingdom divided: Judah—Rehoboam, Abijam, Asa: Israel—Jero-boam, Nadab; Baasha conspired and slew Nadab."

When he had put the names down upon his slate, his father said, "Freddy, is that your best?"

"Yes, papa," he said, after some hesitation.

"Very well ; if you think so, I can say no more ; I should certainly have considered something more was required."

"I will try, papa, and do it better."

He sat quietly down, and still kept the names upon his slate, and then after Saul's name wrote "the son of Cis, a Benjamite, anointed by the Prophet Samuel to be king over Israel; reigned about forty years, and was slain, together with Jonathan his son, at Gilboa."

"David, the son of Jesse, succeeded him."

"What tribe did David belong to, papa?—is he not called a Bethlehemite?"

"Yes, he is called a Bethlehemite. If you turn to the 17th chapter of the 1st Book of Samuel, you will find him so called, and he was of the tribe of Judah."

When he had copied the whole of the names of the kings on his slate, how long they had reigned, and how they died, he put them down on a sheet of paper, writing them out carefully. He was very tired when he had completed the task, but he showed it to his father, who said, "How much better this is than a few names put down in a hasty manner ! this looks as if you had taken some pains, and you will remember much better than if I had lent you my book. It was no pleasure to refuse you, my dear boy."

"I know that, papa. Mamma told me to get my Bible, and I had begun very unwillingly to work when you came in.—Good night, dear papa, kiss me."

Mr. Selbie was amply rewarded for his firmness. He knew it was wrong to give the child the book, and he did not give it; and Freddy, young as he was, had learned to appreciate his father's good intentions. He went to bed very pleased that he had done his lesson without any help from the book. On Monday morning, when he gave up his exercise, his master said, "Selbie, your exercise is the best, and the best written of any in the class. Did any one tell you?"

"No, sir. My father told me Jesse was a Bethlehemite, but he refused to lend me a book to copy out the names."

Devon whispered to Grover, "I cribbed mine out of a Scripture History: it did not take five minutes to do. What a young stupid Selbie is! he takes as much trouble about this lesson as he would about a Latin lesson, for which he would be punished."

"I suppose we ought all to do so," said Grover, whose parents took pains to teach him to do his duty.

"Selbie always gets praise; he is a favourite," said Devon, "and I hate favourites—but he is not a tell-tale."

"No, he is very good-natured; and I never knew him get any one into trouble, although he has been played many tricks."

"Yes; but he is such a green fellow, Grover. He is very well at play, but he won't break bounds, or get into scrapes, or help to play tricks on other boys: and then he says his lessons without

missing one word, and works twice as hard as any other boy in the school."

"At any rate, Devon, he works to some purpose. I do not like him very well, but I do not blame him for that; and I know his father is very particular. They say he hears him all his lessons, and examines him every week. Did you hear him tell Aikin he would not help him with a book? I should not like such a father."

"Well, Grover, I liked Freddy for that, and his father too. It was honest in him to say he asked, and just in his father not to tell him, because other boys might not be able to ask their fathers."

"I am glad he did not ask me," said Grover: "my brother did mine for me, and I copied it out."

"And I cribbed mine, as I told you."

How much better was it that Freddy had been taught a useful lesson, that he should never have recourse to improper means to do his lessons for school! Boys should remember that they deceive and injure themselves much more than they can do a master. To think they have practised a successful deception, is to injure a high moral principle. The benefits of Mr. Selbie's care of his son were soon evident. Freddy went on day after day; sometimes he got up a place, and then he remained stationary. At the end of his first half-year he was much higher than he expected to be, and he had gained confidence from his success. "Oh," said one, "I could beat Selbie any day, but he is such a fag;

he is always at lessons!" "When he is not at play," said another; "for he enjoys play as much as any boy." It was very true: Selbie was a fag; he had very hard work to learn his lessons, but when he had once learned them well, he seldom forgot them again; and at repetition, or review, as they called it, he always did better than the others. All the class acknowledged that he never took an unfair advantage of another boy, and he did not brag when he gained a place. Mr. Aikin was pleased with Freddy, and told his father he was improving: "He gets up very fast in his class, but I know you never hear this; he has told me your objections, and I wish they were more general."

"My great anxiety is, that my boy should do his best. I think if a thing is worth doing, it is worth doing well; and I believe, under God's providence, the secret of a useful life is not the possession of great talents or wealth, but a habit of doing the work entrusted to us as well as we can."

Mr. Aikin walked home with Selbie, and they talked over their school days. "How many improvements since then! We owe Dr. Maynard a very heavy debt of obligations for the good he has done our town: the religious education is better, and I hope the tone of the school improves."

"I think so, but very slowly, Mr. Selbie. We cannot do everything; and unless our teaching is seconded at home, it will not sink very deep."

"It is very true; and yet how often masters



are blamed for the faults that parents have encouraged!"

"It is our daily cross, my dear friend, and we must bear it. Good bye, for my boys will want me very soon."

It was now the fourth half-year that Freddy had been at school; many boys had left the school, and many new boys had come. Freddy felt himself an old boy; he knew all the places round the school and almost every stone in the playground; the grinning faces on the door, and the old porter, were familiar sights. "Holidays, again!" he said; "I am glad of it, for I am getting very tired of hard work."

When the names came out after examination, Selbie was at the head of his class, with a prize; and he was very glad, because he had some hopes of getting into another class. Grover was envious of him; he was older and more clever. "Who would ever have thought that young Selbie would get a prize!" he said to his friend Devon.

"He has beaten us, Grover, long ago, and I suppose he deserved a prize. Aikin is very fair; I must say that; and as for the Doctor, I do not think he could think an unfair thought."

When the day arrived for distributing the prizes, they were given first to the boys leaving school for college, and who had besides an exhibition. Dr. Maynard said a few kind words to each, commending their diligence, and reminding them that the character of his school was in their hands, and expressing his hopes that the lessons

they had learned would not be forgotten, but bring forth fruits in their Christian lives and conversation. After all the senior boys had gone up, he called up Frederic Selbie, and said, "Selbie, you are the youngest boy in the school that has obtained a prize, and I must tell you that there are many more clever boys than you in your class very far behind you. The report of you is generally good, from Mr. Aikin and his assistant-masters: you are reported as regular, obedient, attentive, and, moreover, that for a year you have not missed one day's attendance, or once been punished. You are very young, and though but a little boy, are an example to us all of what may be done by diligence and attention to our duties. God bless you, my dear boy; go on as you have begun, and you will be as happy as we can be in this life, if you continue in this path of duty as you have begun."

Freddy was very much pleased; he did not at all expect a prize, although he had got up very rapidly towards the close of the half-year. He was young, and many older boys were working very hard at the last. He ran home, and showed his book to his mother, who said quietly, "I am glad you have been good at school; now we must have you very good at home during the holidays, not troubling your papa or me, but keeping yourself employed."

"Mamma, will not papa and Alice be pleased that I have a prize?"

"Alice is sure to be, because she does not understand yet."

"But will not papa be pleased that I have a prize?"

"Wait and hear what he says, Freddy."

Alice hardly heard her papa's footsteps before she ran to tell him that Freddy had got a book, with a pretty mark on the outside, the same as some of his had. Mr. Selbie had gained several prizes while a pupil in the same grammar-school to which his son went. He was pleased that his son had done well, but he said to him, "My prize is for the boy that does his best. Can Frederic Selbie claim it, I want to know?"

"I hope so, papa," said Freddy.

"I think so this time, because I do not hear anything about getting before Grover. I hear Dr. Maynard has told you that there were many boys more clever than you, but that you had been regular, obedient, and attentive; you must try to carry these habits with you through life. It is a great pleasure to hear that you have done your best, and I would much rather know you have obtained a reward by overcoming natural defects than by great abilities. Now you have done your best at school, do it also at home; let the holiday task be commenced to-morrow, and carefully finished; and then I do not wish you to look into any book except your Bible during the holidays. Play when you play, and work when you work." Mr. Selbie affectionately kissed his child, glad to think that his lessons were now done from a daily endeavour to do well, rather than to get before other boys. Towards the close of the half-year, he had heard

many were working to get up places they had lost, and the eager emulation showed a spirit he was most anxious to repress in his own children.

Mrs. Selbie carried out the same plan with her little girls. Julia was a year younger than Freddy, and a very quick child; and Rosa about three years old.

It was often remarked in how very plain a manner Mrs. Selbie dressed her children, and so much alike; but whenever the remark reached her, it was answered, "My children must learn from daily habit not to wish to be better dressed than others. They have all that is decent and proper for their station; and I hope by these trifles to teach them a better dependence than on external things, which a change of fortune may remove at any moment."

Happy children, to be so trained that virtue becomes the habit of mind from daily practice and daily example!

Another half-year began with its usual round of giving in holiday tasks, and then assembling, with the usual addition of a few new faces on the lower forms. Selbie worked on steadily, but was moved to a higher class only a short time before the holidays, so that when they arrived he had no prize to take home; but he had his usual reward for diligence from his father, and he had learned to value it highly, from the respect he bore to him who gave it.

The incidents of school life, although so varied and exciting to boys, are apparently monotonous to men. With the former, the change of a

master, some alteration in the routine of duty, or the admission of a new boy, is a great event : and then they have great time-marks, which occupy attention—Christmas and Midsummer holidays. Easter claims a small share of attention, but it is only a short episode in a long history ; it is to the long periods of rest that boys look forward, and of which they dream. Days which manhood and old age ask for in vain ! days which, like many of earth's blessings, come once, but come no more ! Perhaps no man ever stood on the hill top, that unchangeable place overhanging his school, and called to mind the many changing scenes of his own and others' lives, without a secret wish for that freshness of joy which accompanies the word "going home." That home may be very poor, very sad, but it is home. That home may not be as it once was ; too many or too few faces may gather round the hearth ; the boy may find only half his expectations realized, yet there is a magic in the word "going home ;" the sound never tires the young ; each holiday brings it as fresh, as new, as the first time he went home. May our last going home, even to our heavenly home, be even more bright in anticipations than these have been !

With what zest do we fold up our books, taking a few that we mean fully to read—and really never touch ! How does the lock spring, from the rapid turn of the key ! the very action showing we have done with the desk for some time. With what liberality do we look over our play-box, giving anything he wishes to have to the

boy who has to stay the holidays—in our idea, the most miserable thing on earth !

We pitied the boy who could not share our enjoyment—that solitary boy whose father was far away, and who had no mother to care for and love him. There is ever a kindly thought for the boy who cannot go home. “Never mind, Burnell ; you will be sure to go often to Mr. Selbie’s,” said Ferguson ; “Fred is too kind-hearted to forget any one.” Freddy was a little boy of his age, and he was now eleven years old, but the elder boys admitted him to their friendship and to many of their games. He did not forget Burnell, but asked Mr. Aikin to allow him to walk and dine twice every week at his father’s, and he was invited to dine every Sunday. Mr. Aikin liked Burnell very much, because he was always well-behaved, and never gave him anxiety by playing mischievous tricks when out of school.

Freddy walked with Burnell every day, and sometimes went to the cricket-field to meet some of the boys who lived in the town and played every day ; and the holidays passed away very rapidly ; not quite so happily as they thought they would, but with sufficient enjoyment to make them regret that they were ended.

“You will be with us on Monday, I suppose, Freddy?”

“Yes, I am sure, Burnell, my father will not give me an hour beyond the time ; he thinks I have been idle long enough : but I have read some amusing books—the Lives of the Queens of England, which I enjoyed, and remember ;

and Ivanhoe and Waverley. I could read them twenty times with fresh pleasure: and I have had plenty of play.'

"I think you enjoy your holidays: you play heartily, and set about it as if it were a lesson."

"But I enjoy it; and papa says, 'Play while you play, work while you work.'"

"I am sure you play well, Freddy; but how was it that you missed the prize? How was that managed?"

"Oh! you know, Burnell, how late I was moved up. I had not a chance of a prize. But I always have a prize. Papa gives me one at the end of the half-year, if I have been diligent. He does not think so much of school prizes as we do."

"Do you value them, Freddy?"

"Yes, very much; more than I do a school prize, because, if I did not get it, I should know at once that papa was not pleased with my conduct. He watches to see if I try; and if I do that, he does not mind if I am beaten, or do not succeed as others expect I shall."

On Monday, Freddy was among the first at school. There were his former class-fellows, Grover and Devon, and Jackson, a new friend, whom he found in the class to which he had been promoted in the last half-year.

"Here comes that stupid Fred Selbie!" said Devon.

"Not stupid," said Grover, and he called out, "Hurrah, Selbie!—at it again, you everlasting 'ag!"

Freddy came up to them, and said, "How do you do, Devon?"

"You have got the holiday task, I see," said he, sneeringly; "and as neatly done up as a prize essay. Well done, Miss Selbie!"

Freddy said, "It is best so, if it pleases Mr. Aikin."

"Yes, if you like it, of course it is," said Grover; "but I do not care to please Mr. Aikin. He is very strict. I shall write my task to-night; an essay—yes, I will give him an essay."

"I have done mine," said Devon, "such as it is; but it is good enough; we ought not to have work given us during the holidays."

Selbie turned away into school.

Devon called out, "Your friend" (laying the emphasis on the word) "Aikin is there."

When Freddy went up to Mr. Aikin's desk, he welcomed him with a smile, for he was very fond of the patient, plodding boy. "A very neat outside—very neat indeed," he said, kindly, as he took the essay from him.

"And I hope as neat inside, sir," said Freddy.

"And a good inside, too, I hope; but that Dr. Maynard and I must decide. How was it you missed a prize?"

"Because, sir, I was moved very late in the half-year, if you remember, and I had no chance, there were so many boys before me, much better scholars than I am."

"I am glad to hear you acknowledge it; most boys think they are unfairly dealt with, unless



they have a prize. You can understand why you have no prize, and are satisfied ; try on, and do not be discouraged if you never have another. I shall not think of detaining you in a class for the sake of a prize when you are fit for another. We only meet and dismiss this morning. Dr. Maynard does not come into his desk until to-morrow, and then we begin our work as usual."

As Freddy went out into the playground, he saw many new faces ; some timid, shy boys, almost afraid to look up ; others bold and forward in making acquaintance with the older boys, giving them fruit, and showing them toys. Here, a selfish boy, eating alone ; and there, a good-natured, boisterous lad, offering to buy something for a friend of a few hours' acquaintance. Among them stood one timid little boy, quite alone ; he looked wistfully at Freddy, as if he would say, " Do take some notice of me, I am so all alone !"

Freddy went to him. " Have you no one to play with you ?"

" No, not any one," he said, in a small, silvery, but mournful voice.

" What is your name ?" asked Freddy.

" Arthur Day."

" Come along then, Day, and I will find out some companions for you. Have you a desk ?"

" No, I want to know where to sit."

Freddy called to a boy named Mann, and asked if there was any desk vacant near his own.

" Yes, the next, between Somers and me."

" Help Day to put his books in," said he, " and

play with him. I must go home for a short time. I will be back presently."

Mann found him a desk, put his books into it, and then went with him to join Somers in a game of marbles.

Arthur Day was one of the boarders in Mr. Aikin's house, and was a delicate boy; his mother had been too fond of him, for he was her only child, and made him more childish than his years. But he was now an orphan, and alone in the school; this was enough for Freddy, and he went home to ask permission for Day to spend the afternoon with him.

Mrs. Selbie was very glad to find her son thoughtful for others, and readily consented to have his new acquaintance brought home.

When he asked Mr. Aikin for leave of absence for Day, he said, "I give it, and thank you, Selbie, for your kindness to the boy. He is quite a baby, and has never been used to school; but he is the child of an old friend."

Mr. Aikin did not say more. He had engaged to take him into his house free of expense to his guardians, who had a very slender provision for the child entrusted to their care.

Towards the end of the week, all the boys had assembled; the new boys were in class, and at work. Poor little Day, as he began to be called, was still as timid and gentle as ever; he was very fond of Freddy, and ran to him on every occasion, to know what to do.

Freddy was late in school on Friday, as he wanted to finish his exercise, and was about to

go home, when he heard little Day crying bitterly. He ran out, and saw Travers, one of the elder boys of his own class, teasing him, by taking his cap, and kicking him when he tried to get it.

"Travers, you ought to be ashamed of yourself," said Freddy, "to teaze such a little fellow as that! How would you like it, if Ferguson or Burnell were to teaze you, and then beat you?"

"Mind your own business, Selbie, or I will kick you," said Travers.

"I would, if you gave me any of your impudence, Master Selbie, I can tell you," said Jones, who was standing by. "You are a coward, always sneaking in at lessons, to please old Aikin."

Freddy took no notice of Jones, and hoped he had diverted Travers from his purpose of teasing Day; but Travers came back, and struck the child again. He cried out, and Freddy ran up to him: "Travers, you may hit me, but not Day any more."

"Give it him, Travers," said Jones; "he is a great coward!"

Travers was half afraid, and struck Fred because he would not appear so great a coward as he really was.

"I do not mind your blow," said Freddy. "Go along, Day—go into school, and sit quiet. Mr. Aikin is there. Do not tell him;—mind that."

"He shall not go," said Travers, his courage rising when he saw Freddy would not fight; "he shall stay here as long as I please."

"Go along, Day," said Freddy.

"I'll hit him, if he dares to move," said Travers.

"And then I will hit you, Master Travers; you shall not be such a tyrant to the little boys. I have borne it, because I hate quarrels; but you shall not touch such a little fellow as Day. Go on, Day."

Day moved towards the school, Travers struck him again, and Freddy struck Travers as hard as he could. He reeled, and returned to strike again. Freddy was prepared.

"A fight—a fight!" called out Jones.

Mann came running up, with Jackson. Freddy took off his coat, and gave it to Jackson. He had never fought before, and was sorry to begin now, but he was roused by Travers's conduct. Travers was what all bullies are,—thorough cowards.

The fight began. Ferguson and Burnell came up together.

"Selbie fighting! What began this?" asked Ferguson.

"Selbie was saucy to Travers," called out Jones.

"No, no," said Mann; "Travers was teasing Day, as he does everybody."

"Well done! well done!" cried out several voices.

Selbie had knocked Travers down. They fought on, the elder boys looking at them.

"He fights well, Ferguson," said Burnell; "look how he stands to his ground!"

"Take it coolly, Fred," said Ferguson, to encourage him.

He was glad to see his friends there, and he began another round, hitting very hard, and though he fell, got up directly.

Travers found he had no coward to deal with. Jones was near him; but very few were glad to see Freddy fall; there is generally a sympathy with the weakest, in school disputes.

"Travers will give in," said Ferguson; "look how much slower he hits than he did, and how steadily that little fellow fights!"

Travers hit a hard blow; it brought Freddy down, and his face bled.

Burnell stepped forward to pick him up. "Much hurt?" he said, quietly.

"No," said Freddy, "thank you, Burnell."

Now it was his turn; he bounded away at Travers, and knocked him down.

"He will not come again," said Ferguson.

"Hurrah! hurrah! Travers is beaten!" shouted the boys.

He was ashamed, and came up again; but Freddy was more confident than ever; he had made up his mind not to give in when he began.

"How deliberate he is!" said one of the elder boys to Burnell. "Your little friend is a thorough good one; look, he has knocked that great bully over!"

Freddy stood still,—the blood ran down his face,—and waited for Travers, who would not attack him again.

"Go and kick him, Freddy," said one.

"Kick him, Selbie," cried another.

"I shall not," said Freddy; "I did not want to fight, but he shall not be such a tyrant."

Travers slunk away, a few boys following him, and Burnell said, "You have had a good lesson, you young tyrant; I do not pity you at all."

They took Freddy to the washing-room. His face was much disfigured; he had a black eye, and was cut on the cheek. Burnell brought him a sponge, and Ferguson lent a towel; and, in kind words and general rejoicings, the pain was soon forgotten.

"How did it begin?" said Burnell; "for Mr. Aikin must, and the Doctor may know it."

"Ask Day," said Freddy; "I would rather not say anything about it. Ask him if I was in fault; you know I never have fought before since I have been here."

Day was brought out of school, and asked how the fight began. The poor child began to cry when he saw Freddy was bruised.

"Tell us," said Ferguson, "all about it."

"Oh," said he, "I was crying because Travers took my cap, and kicked me, and then he hit me when Freddy told me to go into school; and I cried again, and then Freddy hit him. I am very sorry if Freddy is hurt."

The child spoke in such a piteous tone that all the boys were more than ever disgusted with Travers's conduct.

"I could have overlooked it if he had attacked Selbie, and forced him to fight, but he must be a coward to teaze such a baby as this."

Travers passed them to go home ; he was bruised, and looked very much ashamed. " Well you may look ashamed, Travers," said Burnell ; " you have been well punished for cowardice ; none but a bully would tease a child."

Travers lived in the town, and ran home as quickly as he could.

Freddy went home, endeavouring to conceal his face as much as he could ; but to no purpose. When he sat down to tea, Mrs. Selbie saw his face was very much bruised and swollen. " Why, Freddy, you have a black eye, and your face is cut ! How did you get into that state ?" said his mother.

" I hope you have not been fighting ? you know how I object to it," said Mr. Selbie.

" Yes, papa, I have been fighting. I could not help it. I have not fought before. I was forced to fight."

" How could you be forced to fight ?" said Mr. Selbie, impatiently.

" Travers was beating little Day, and I took his part. He hit me, and his friend called me a coward. I did not take any notice of the first blow ; it only hurt me for the moment ; and then I told Day to go into school, because he should be safe, and he bit him as he moved away ; and I said I would hit him if he struck Day ; and I did hit him, and that began the fight. Burnell or Day can tell you all about it ; they all know it at school."

" My dear boy, you have been severely beaten ; but I would rather you had been more beaten

than that you should have neglected to protect a poor child from a great boy. I am glad to have a child that hates oppression, and can bear to be beaten rather than see it."

"I was not beaten, papa; I would rather have let Travers strike on to this time than give in when I was forced to begin. I only feel sore, and my face is stiff with the scratch."

Ferguson said to Burnell, "We must run down to Mr. Selbie's, and explain this, or Freddy may get into disgrace;" and just at this moment they arrived. Mr. Selbie welcomed them, and made them sit down, while Mrs. Selbie went to see to Freddy's face, and look at his bruises. Alice remained behind, anxious to hear about her brother.

Ferguson said, "We have come to see you about the fight, sir. Freddy is not to blame; he behaved so manfully that I would not interfere. Travers is a great boy, and a great bully, and I was very glad to see a little boy humble him. Had Freddy been to blame, I would have interfered, for I hate quarrels as much as he does; but when a systematic annoyance is kept up, it is better the tyrant should suffer, whenever any one has courage to face him."

"I am glad my boy is not a coward. I suppose this is the first time he has ever fought; I hope it will be the last, and I am glad to find he did not seek the quarrel."

"He could not help it, sir; it was a question who should be beaten, he or Day, and he risked a good beating in standing up before a bigger boy."



A good cause has carried him well through. He is the hero of the little boys now."

"Poor little Day!" said Mr. Selbie, "I should have thought such a child could not offend any one."

"One would have thought not; he has told Mr. Aikin the whole story, and Dr. Maynard must know it; of course, it must tell very much against Travers, who is a bad-tempered fellow."

When they began school on the next morning, Mr. Aikin said to Selbie, "I did not expect to hear that you fought as well as you worked, but they tell me you can."

"I only did—" he began to make an excuse.

"No more—no excuses! Day has told me all that happened. You are a good boy. Do what is right. Protect the weak, and God will always protect you. I suppose you did your best to beat Travers?"

"I did, sir, when I was forced into the quarrel; it was in a moment, or I would have tried to get out of it; he has been a great tyrant to the little boys."

Travers did not come to school for a week; he was very much ashamed, but he had learned a lesson which tyrannical tempers are sure to learn, that they must yield to those they have oppressed.

Freddy was more than ever noticed by the elder boys, who respected his courage. Ferguson said, "he had never seen a small lad stand up so well."

"He stood like a rock," said Burnell; "I really believe, if he could, he would have stood up to this moment, rather than flinch."

"And there is no brag about him," said Ferguson; "he does not speak of the fight, but avoids it, and, I have no doubt, regrets it very much, except for Day's sake."

And so the matter ended. Freddy lost his bruises; little Day clung to him as his best friend. He was a grateful child, and would often ask him to share any present he had received. He was always considered under his protection, and very seldom molested; for boys seldom interfere with those who have reputation for courage. But Freddy was not pleased with himself; he began to think he might have avoided the quarrel, if he had been more patient. He knew, as a Christian, it was his duty to have borne everything rather than return injury for injury; and as he was in the same class as Travers, he tried, by every little civility, to make him forget the past. Travers saw this; and, although he did not like him, could not but acknowledge his kindness, and respect the motive that induced it; he knew Selbie was not afraid. Jones, also, changed his mind, when he found that he never talked about the fight, and avoided showing rudeness to Travers. "He must be a good fellow; he does not stick himself up above other boys."

The attentive, punctual boy still plodded on, and went by the name of The Fag. Some time elapsed; a prize was announced to the upper second class, for the best Latin Essay, and a remove to the class above. All were very anxious about it; and when Mr. Selbie was told of it by Alice, who heard everything, he said to Freddy,

"I suppose you will write for the prize. Do your best, without regard to others."

"I shall, papa, but I do not expect the prize, although I am anxious for it. Jackson is far before me; Jones and Travers are of longer standing; I may, however, get a little improvement in my composition, which is very weak."

The essay was written, and revised, then carefully examined again, and when it was finished, Ferguson asked to see it; it was shown to him directly, and after looking it over carefully, he said, "You have done this very well, but there are two or three fatal mistakes, which must keep you out of the prize. I will correct them for you, and give you the essay again to-morrow."

He was going to put it into his desk, and had taken out his keys.

"No, I thank you, Ferguson; it is very kind of you to offer, but you must not alter or tell me a word."

"Why not, Selbie? most of the boys will get some friend to look over and correct what they have done, and some will get the whole essay written for them."

"I will not, Ferguson. I have done my best. Jackson has no one to ask; he is a very clever boy, and I am more afraid of him than any person in the class; but I would not take his honour unfairly from him."

"I think, Selbie, you are over nice; I certainly never had any one who would tell me a word, but I should not have thought it wrong to

ask a friend, if he saw any mistakes, to correct them for me."

"Papa would object, I know, Ferguson; he would say it was not *my best* gained the prize, but your corrections; and he would not let me claim the books, or, if he could prevent it, go on a higher form. He would degrade me rather, if he could; and I would not lose his good opinion for fifty—no, nor five hundred prizes. He is very kind to me."

"I know that, Selbie—perhaps you are right; it is, certainly, more honourable to be defeated on your principles, than to gain rewards on mine."

"I hope you do not think me ungrateful for your kindness, Ferguson. I know you wish to be kind to me, but I also know that my father would say it was not my best, and would not look at the essay."

"Very well, I think you are right, Selbie; look it over carefully. Good bye."

Freddy went home; he examined it again and again. He discovered and corrected one error, but there were two or three. At last, he gave it up as hopeless, and wrote out his essay for the last time, and, in the morning, he gave it up to Dr. Maynard.

There were many speculations about who would get it. Some said Jackson, some Travers; a few thought Selbie had a good chance, only he was so much behind the others at first. Could he have got on? and, if so, could he write well enough?

A week passed away, and no decision was announced. They were told that on the following Monday the names would be put up in the school.

"Who will have the prize, Selbie?" said Jackson, on Saturday.

"You, I think, and I, I hope, for I do so much want the remove. I cannot say I expect it; Jones and Travers have been longer in the class than you or I."

"Yes, that is nothing. I am more afraid of you, Selbie; they are not sufficiently careful to make me anxious about their essays. Besides, they never read, except they are forced. We shall see on Monday." And the friends parted.

On Monday, they were early at school; and they ran at once to the notice-board:—

Jackson  
Selbie  
Travers  
Jones

Freddy was, for a moment, disappointed; but he soon recovered himself, and said, "Jackson, you have got the remove; I am only a little disappointed."

"You will soon be after me, Selbie."

After early school, Dr. Maynard called up the boys of the class who had written, and said, "All the essays were fairly done; certainly, Jackson's was the best. But for a few mistakes, I should have preferred Selbie's. Travers's was

very creditable. I have, therefore, resolved on offering the first three boys a remove into the lower first form, as a stimulus to others to exert themselves ; and I select three, because I would not make an invidious distinction, where all are very near together."

"Are you not glad?" said Selbie, turning to Travers.

"No," he answered, sulkily, "I wanted the prize."

He had obtained assistance from an elder brother, and was very much mortified that he had not got the prize ; the remove he did not care about, it involved more work.

"You are contented now, old Fag, I know," said Jackson.

"Yes, very well. Come home with me to-night, after school," said Freddy. "I am so glad that we are companions in the remove. Travers does not like it."

Travers asked Dr. Maynard if he might remain where he was for the present.

He said, "Yes, if you wish it ; but your essay is so good, that I should wish to have you under me."

The essay was better than it ought to be ; and Travers by no means wished to come under the immediate eye of one who would soon detect what he had done.

He pressed for permission to remain, and Dr. Maynard said, "Yes, by all means remain, if you wish ; only, another time, do not write for a prize of books, if you cannot value what ought

to be better than any prize, an advance in your position in the school." Then, turning to the boys, he said, "I hope you will, all of you, consider that a prize ought to be only an expression of satisfaction for what you have done in the school; and if you have any value for it beyond, as a means of obtaining praise from friends, you will excuse my saying, that such a low view may lead you to struggle to obtain a prize, and yet leave you with very deficient knowledge of what you have struggled for. I have been very glad to see how nearly equal the first three on the list were; and, in time, I hope to see every class valuing promotion beyond a prize."

Ferguson asked Dr. Maynard to allow him to look over the essays, and told him all that had passed with Selbie; the Doctor pointed out the deficiencies. They were dismissed after the morning school, and as they were going out, when Freddy met Ferguson,—

"I asked Dr. Maynard to let me see the essay," he said, "and he has marked the very passages I thought he would; they lost you the prize. But I am so very glad I did none of it for you, and so is the Doctor. I told him that I had offered, and he said he was more pleased with your refusal than if you had gained the prize; but you are promoted."

When he returned home, Alice came to him and said, "Who has the prize?"

"Not I," said Freddy.

"Well, you seem very happy about it—who has?"

"Do you want to know? It is a friend of yours, and a boy papa likes, and I like, and you like. He is now in the parlour."

"Jackson, then, I suppose," said Alice; "I like him because he is good-natured, and likes you, Freddy."

"I know he does, and I have got as good as a prize, in the remove to the next form; I only wanted that."

"Not quite so good," said Alice; "but perhaps papa will think you have, if you have done your best."

"Dr. Maynard is satisfied, and therefore I am," said Freddy. "Travers was third; but he does not like the remove, and will be head of the second class. Jackson was head, and Jones second; but Travers has beaten Jones."

"Not you this time," said Alice, looking good-humouredly at her brother, and offering to kiss him.

"Not this time, dear Alice, nor ever, I hope."

Ferguson met Mr. Selbie going home, and told him how the prize had been given, and added his offer to correct Freddy's essay, which had been refused.

"It would have distressed me very much if he had accepted it," replied Mr. Selbie; "I am sure, Ferguson, your excessive kindness to the child made you offer to correct his essay, but you will see, had he gained it, Jackson, who is a superior boy, would have been unfairly dealt with; and I could not have respected Freddy."

"I see it clearly now," said Ferguson, "and



admire Freddy the more, because I know he was very anxious to get a prize on account of the remove."

"I love my child, and of course every step gained is a pleasure, provided it assures me that he is progressing ; but I would not have him think an unfair thought towards another boy ; besides, if I know anything of Jackson, it would have wounded him deeply to have lost the prize, and I am far more pleased that he has gained what I know he deserved. I must get my prize now."

"They came to the bookseller's, and Mr. Selbie bought a set of books of double the value he usually gave. He thanked Ferguson for his kind intentions, and for telling him what he had done ; "My boy would not, for I have taught him not to sound his own praises. He has the remove, however," said Mr. Selbie, "which will please him."

"Yes, he is nearer to me," said Ferguson, "but I leave very soon now ; but I shall be very glad to hear he is an upper-first by-and-by."

"In good time, if he works, he may be ; he is not clever, certainly not ; God grant he may be good. I am truly thankful he prefers strict integrity to a prize."

"It is indeed a good thing, Mr. Selbie, and he has taught me too a very useful lesson ; he does not show the slightest disappointment, but the contrary. Jackson and he went home together."

When Mr. Selbie came in, Alice told him, directly he came in at the door, that Freddy was second, and had a remove, but no prize.

"You did your best, Freddy, I suppose?" said his papa.

"I hope so," said he, "I have a remove, and am second; I have no right to expect more than that, have I, papa?"

"No," he said; "I have heard that Jackson, my dear young friend, is first, and I am not sorry to see you second to him; and I am very glad to see you here, Jackson; you are come to tea I hope, and to see my prize which I give if Freddy does his best; there it is."

It was Thirlwall's History of Greece, handsomely bound.

"How handsome, papa! I am so much obliged; and it is the book I wanted more than any other."

"I give it you with great pleasure," said Mr. Selbie.

He did not say why. Freddy wondered if his papa had given him an extra prize for the remove. It was for this he gave it, and because he had not shown any disappointment at Jackson's having the prize. As to his conduct in refusing to have his essay corrected, Mr. Selbie thought it lowered the child's character to allow him to think of a reward for that. He did not speak of it; it was quite sufficient reward to know he had done right; no praise could give what conscience does give as its reward for doing right; its silent approval is better to us than the loudest praises of men.

We should strive that the voice within us should say, "Well done!"—there is no praise like it. People may mistake our motive, or praise

us because others do so, or because they expect praise in return ; but conscience speaks truly, and bears a silent but true witness for or against us.

Mr. Selbie was sure Freddy's conscience had answered him, Well done ; and he asked no questions. What praise was really so good as this silence, this trustfulness that his child possessed the best reward ? We cannot desire a greater blessing than a conscience void of offence ; there is nothing can compare with it, for it has the stamp of eternity upon it, and every thing sinks into insignificance beside it ; it dwarfs the present, by putting the future always before us.

At the end of the half-year Ferguson and Burnell left, and it was a great trial to Freddy ; they had been friends and kind advisers from the first day that he came into school ; both were going to college, and they hoped Freddy would join them. "We shall have passed and graduated before you come up, but we shall meet you, and we shall come now and then to look at the old school."

Dr. Maynard was sorry to lose his elder boys, yet he had the pleasure of seeing them distinguish themselves in their college career ; and what pleased him most was, that they did not lose the religious tone which he thought of so much importance. When he inquired after them, he found that they were regular at their chapel, and obedient on principle to their tutors. "This education," said he, "will one day make the relation of tutor and pupil better than it now is, and improve the tone of the Universities themselves."

Jackson and Selbie continued together, the inferior in ability making up by hard work and steady application for his want of talent ; there were so many boys before them that they did not expect to obtain a prize for some time, or even perhaps ever, if they were removed into the upper-first class.

Selbie found the entering on a new class involved a great deal more hard work ; however, he went to it very cheerfully. Some elder boys were removed into the upper-first, and when the Christmas holidays came, he stood well in the class, Jackson keeping first. It was very hard work for Selbie ; he had now less time for play, and his lessons usually requiring more time than with other boys, fully occupied every moment he could get, but he worked on, determined not to give way. Dr. Maynard encouraged him with kind words, and said, " You justify Mr. Aikin's account of you ; he told me he was as sorry to lose, as I should be glad to gain you."

When the Christmas holidays arrived, neither Jackson nor Selbie had any prize from the school ; but, as usual, Freddy had one given by his father. " He has worked very hard," said his father.

There was, however, a mortification in store for him, greater than the loss of any prize could be. During the holidays he was running home with Jackson, when he slipped down on the pavement, falling with his arm under him ; the bone broke above the elbow : he was picked up and carried home by a person who was passing.

and who knew both the lads. Jackson was very sorry, but it was an accident which might have been his own as well as another's ; it was a painful but not dangerous fracture, and involved several weeks' absence from school. Freddy felt this.

When his papa came to see him, he said, "The doctor has set my arm, but he says I shall not be able to go to school for some weeks."

"Then, my dear boy, you must lie still and be patient."

"I am so glad the holiday task is done, and copied ; Jackson will give it in for me. So much for doing it at the beginning of the holidays ; your rules are best, papa."

At times he suffered very great pain, yet he would beg to be allowed to have his books, to keep up his lessons, but his father refused on account of his health.

"You must learn another lesson," said Mr. Selbie, "that every thing is not in our own power ; you may do your best and yet not always succeed, and as you have a great deal of time to lie here, think of this. I am glad to believe that what you have done has been the work of your own will ; you have resolutely followed a rule involving much self-denial, and I hope you have thus gained a mastery over yourself ; but your success may be a serious injury to you, if it makes you proud or self-sufficient. Do you understand me ?"

"I think so, papa ; you wish me not to think all my success at school depended on myself, but

on God, who gave me strength and power to do everything."

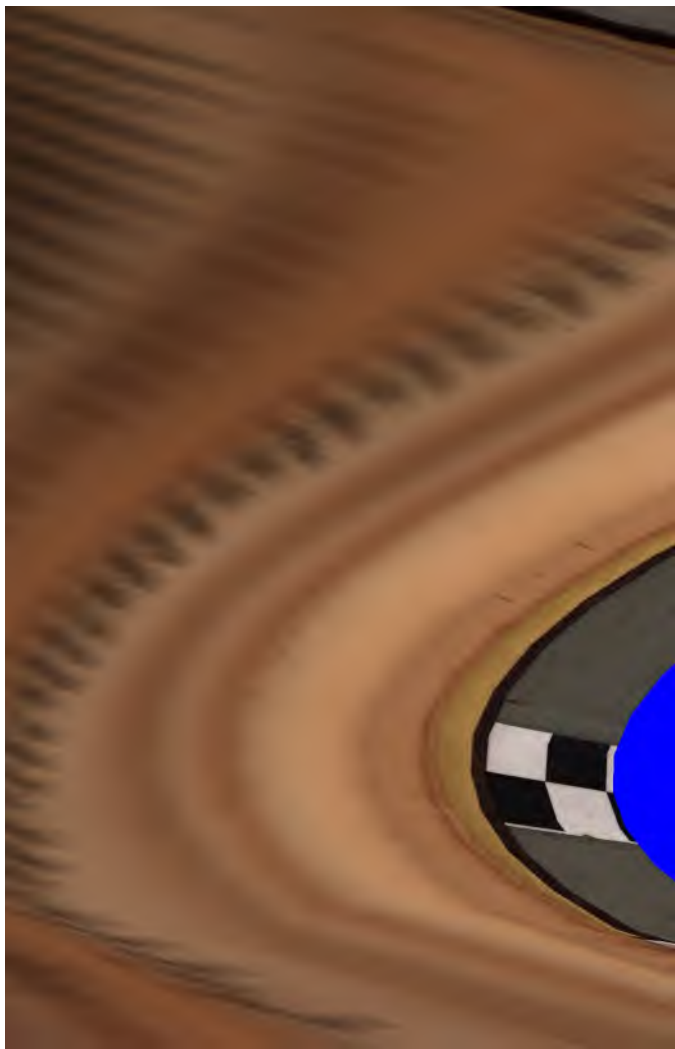
"That is what I mean ; I wish you to recognise the hand of Almighty God 'supporting you in all dangers, and carrying you through all temptations,' as the collect so beautifully says. This accident, as we call it, may be of very great service to you, if it makes you refer all your plans to higher than human power ; and perhaps it may save you some severe correction, for we are only corrected in proportion to our need of it."

"I shall be very much behind, and must work hard to get up what I have lost during my absence from school. Do you think that can be good for me ?"

"Yes, I think it may do you great good, because you will say 'deliver us from evil' with a fuller sense of your entire dependence on God for health, and for daily preservation from the common accidents of life ; and to learn this is worth a great deal of other knowledge."

"Thank you, dear papa ; I know how this broken arm may do me good. I will try when I go out again, as well as while I am confined to my room, to think of God's protection through the day, and to thank him for it every night ; but it is hard to do this, papa : even while I say my prayers, I sometimes think of my lessons better than at any time."

"I do not know that any duty is easy ; we are told the way of life eternal is a narrow way, and that few find it ; and yet, with all its difficul-



power to do  
the largeness  
sing you in all  
all tempta-  
says. This  
of very great  
offer all your  
and perhaps  
action, for we  
to our need

and must work  
not during any  
that that can

not good, be-  
cause with  
God  
the  
is

now this  
when I  
continued to  
through  
every night;  
while I say  
my lessons

is easy; we  
narrow way,  
all its difficul-



ties, we must try. How do you do with a difficult lesson—look over it again and again, is that the way?"

"Yes, papa, many times, I cannot tell you how many—very often."

"Do the same with your prayers; think where the lesson interfered, and begin again, asking for a more thoughtful mind."

Mr. Selbie left him, hoping that he had shown his child that the accidents of life and the hindrances to our wishes are often intended as great mercies, which we do not perceive at the time, but are able to recognise afterwards. Freddy understood his father, and tried to reconcile himself to his long confinement in the house, and absence from school.

As soon as he could obtain permission, he worked hard at the daily lessons, and got explanations from Jackson, who came to tell him every day what was done in the school.

In his holiday task he had taken a good place, and was next to his friend Jackson, who said, "Freddy, I shall get a few steps before you, now you have a *lame* arm."

"But I will be after you very soon, Jackson, as soon as my arm gets well." He was going to say, It is very tiresome! but he remembered what his father had said to him; he did not speak for a few minutes, and then said, "Jackson, papa thinks this accident may do me good; that I shall be more thankful to God for good health than I have been. He says our best endeavours have their limits."

"You have done very well, Selbie, and are before many very clever boys."

"Yes, but my father does not value that at all; he only thinks whether I am constantly industrious and doing my best: if I never got a place he would be quite as happy, if he were sure I did what was right, and worked steadily. I owe everything to my father,—and yet not everything, for I fear I have forgotten a Father in heaven, who has given me good health and strength."

"We shall soon meet at school, I hope," said Jackson.

"Yes, I think next Monday at latest, unless anything should prevent."

On Monday, as Freddy hoped, he went back to school; his schoolfellows were delighted to see him. Day, who had made constant inquiries, was the first to welcome his old friend and defender. Mann said, "Freddy, we have all missed you; no one would tell us a hard word except Burnell and Ferguson, and we did not like to go so often to them; we are all glad you are back."

Ferguson, who had often been to his father's house, came to him to talk about the school, and tell him all the news.

Travers had got into trouble for copying, and had been degraded a class, and was showing a great deal of bad temper, so as greatly to annoy Mr. Aikin. One of the class had gained a prize at the University, and they had all been dining with the Doctor.

Selbie went to the Doctor's desk, and then to



Another holidays had arrived: as usual, Freddy sat down at once to the essay, and he spent more time than ever upon it. He knew where his weakness had been, and worked very hard at his composition; the essay was touched and re-touched, and only finished on the week previous to its being given in to the Doctor.

Selbie was very anxious for its success, because he would then be able to assure himself he had not lost ground to any great extent. He read with Jackson the whole holidays, and, except for one week, neither had rested at all from the usual round of duty. Both gained very much by this steady application, for they came into their class with lessons prepared, and therefore were not at all pressed.

Mr. Selbie was now very anxious for his son; every day convinced him more and more that he could not send him to college.

He saw how earnestly he worked, and that it was now very plainly with a defined object; he spoke more and more of the upper classes, of the boys who were advancing, and of the young men who had obtained exhibitions. "Something may occur," said Mr. Selbie; "I cannot bear to tell my dear boy yet." When he saw him very anxious about his work, he would say, "Do not forget the broken arm, and its lesson."

Ferguson came in one evening after school, and began to talk of his own prospects,—“I shall go away this year; I have obtained our scholarship, and am going to Oxford.”

Freddy looked as if he would say, “I hope that I may follow you some day.”

But Mr. Selbie said, "I wish I could see my way more clearly about my own son."

"I think," said Ferguson, "he is quite sure, if he works on as he now does, to get our scholarship ; he stands very well in the school."

"Yes, that may be true," said Mr. Selbie.

The conversation ended ; Freddy immediately saw that his father was anxious not to say more about it, and he took no notice of the subject.

The holidays were ended, the essays given in, and there were the usual inquiries about places ; even little Day was anxious about his place in the examination lists ; new boys came dropping in, and there was an increase of good feeling every half-year ; the tyranny over the lesser boys by degrees ceased, and was discountenanced by the elder.

When the lists came out, Day said, "I will tell Freddy when he comes in at the gate."

He ran up to him and said, "Hurrah! Freddy; you have got up this holidays,—you are second."

"Who is first, then?" said Freddy.

"Jackson."

He came in the gate ; "First again, Jackson," said Freddy.

"Second again, Selbie, I know."

"Yes, I am, and am really glad of it."

Soon after this, Dr. Maynard removed Jackson and Selbie into the upper-first class ; it was very gratifying to Freddy, for it was considered a certain passport to college. They talked about those who were going and had gone. One day

he said, "Jackson will go before me, papa, and I do not care, because he is very clever, but I hope I shall follow him. I find it such hard work to keep up with him, for he works ; but he is very kind, he never knows any little thing that he does not tell me of it ; he has no jealousy, as many boys have."

"I am glad he is kind, for I like Jackson very much; but I must tell you, my dear son, what gives me great pain to say, I fear that you may never go to college."

"Why not, papa ? I shall certainly get a scholarship, unless I have another accident ; Jackson and I are first on this remove, and I believe it is expected I shall have Ferguson's scholarship."

"My dear son, it is a duty I owe you, to explain my circumstances. When you were younger, there was no reason for me to do so ; you could not understand what I wished you to know. I have only a very small income, which, by good management, has maintained us. I could not incur the expenses of a college education for you, without diminishing my income, and reducing the very small sum I shall be able to give your sisters."

"I should not wish my sisters to suffer on my account, papa."

"No, Freddy, I am sure you would not. There are three of them, who have yet to be educated ; and although, with your industry, you might obtain a fellowship, and, in time, a living, and thus be provided for by your own talents,

I do not think the risk of my own life justifies the step. If I were taken from you, two-thirds of my income would cease at once; and the insurances upon my life would not enable your mother to maintain and settle your sisters."

"I will do anything you wish, papa, although it is a very great disappointment to me. I do not wish to make money, and should be content with a bare living as a clergyman. I have worked very hard, and it seems as if it were to no purpose."

"I hope, Freddy, you do not think that pleasing me is working to no purpose? You have pleased me; and if, after all I have said, you think I ought to send you to college, I will do so. I leave it entirely with you."

"No, papa, I certainly do not wish to go; but what can I do? I have never thought about business of any kind, and never could like to be a merchant; the church has been the one object always before me. I know I could not have much money in it. But tell me what you think of, papa, and I will really do my best to meet your wishes."

"I will think of what is best for you, my son," said Mr. Selbie, and left him.

It gave Mr. Selbie great pain thus to destroy the hopes of many years; but he felt it to be a duty to his daughters. He revolved in his mind what Freddy could do, and at length resolved to consult Dr. Maynard. He went immediately to call upon the Doctor, and many scenes of his past life recurred to his memory. It was the same old house

in which he had very often been, and it adjoined the school. He thought how many scenes he had witnessed, and how many changes he had seen in his own brief life;—yet there stood the old school, the same as he remembered it in boyhood. And he thought of one bright companion of his happiest hours, who had left home to return to it no more, and who rested until the sea gave up her dead; of another, who had fallen in the service of his country; and of others who were scattered world-wide, and of whom he heard occasionally by letter, or when they came back to look at the old place; and he could not see one feature of the laughing joyous boy who had left school; he was now a grave man, and gray-haired; and he was standing there, thankful for many mercies from childhood to that time. He was there to ask advice and assistance for his only son.

Dr. Maynard was at home; he welcomed Mr. Selbie:—"This house must be very familiar to you," he said.

"Yes, very. Few persons have seen more of it than I have done, who have not lived in it; you are the third master I have known intimately."

"It makes us look old, does it not, when we speak of these changes—and look on, too, I hope? But what is it, Mr. Selbie, to-day? How is my boy?"

"It is about Freddy that I have come, Dr. Maynard. I cannot, in justice to my other children, send him to college."

"But he is sure to get a scholarship."



"And I may die," said Mr. Selbie.

"True, but, let us hope, not yet. I have looked forward to him as certain to do well at college, and I know he will be greatly disappointed."

"I know he is, for I have told him all my affairs; but he sees I cannot afford to pay his expenses, and is content to do anything I wish. Would your brother Edwin, do you think, take him into his office? I could give a small premium, but it would be very small."

"If you cannot send him to college, Edwin must take him; but I am sorry you should rob the Church of his services."

"I hope you do not think, Doctor, he will forget his duty to the Church; his early training should make him esteem it his greatest blessing to be one of its members. I wish he could minister at the altar, but there are so many claims on me, I must confess I have not sufficient faith to trust in Him who does all for good. I can only think of my three daughters, if I were to die."

"God provides for the widow and orphan, Mr. Selbie: Edwin and I knew neither father nor mother. But I will write to Edwin by this day's post, and ask him whether he can make room for Freddy; but he must not leave at present."

Mr. Selbie thanked him, and said, "Your brother remembers me, I have no doubt, very well, and I should have great confidence in him."

Mr. Selbie left, thanking Dr. Maynard for his kind offices to his son.

The Doctor wrote the same evening, and stated, that the reason of his asking his brother to take him was, that Selbie was a good boy, thoroughly hard working, and equal to any in his school in industry; that he did his best at all times. And after strongly recommending his brother to take him, he added, "And if without premium, I shall say you have done a kindness to an old friend."

Mr. Edwin Maynard wrote almost immediately, and said, "If Mr. Selbie would come to town, and bring Freddy with him, he would decide at once to take or reject him; that his impression was, he could take him and place him in the house of one of his junior partners, and have him in his own office."

When Dr. Maynard sent his brother's letter to Mr. Selbie, he told Freddy his future destination; and after the suspense, Freddy said, "I do not feel at all disappointed now. I will do my best for Mr. Edwin Maynard, as I have done for his brother. But I am glad that I am to remain until the end of the half year. I have worked very hard. Jackson thinks that I am as strong in my construing as he is, and that I shall get as many marks for my composition."

"You will do your best; but you must go to London for one day with me, to see Mr. Edwin Maynard."

The day was appointed, and Freddy went to London. The streets appeared endless, row after row of private houses, then shops. He wondered how so many people lived; but, at last, he

got to the end of his journey, and his father took him to his friend's chambers. They met Mr. Edwin Maynard, who welcomed his former friend, and asked Freddy how he liked the dark rooms.

He said he did not like the look of them so well as school, but supposed he could get used to them. Mr. Maynard told him he did not like the offices at first, but now he had grown used to them.

Mr. Maynard then spoke of the character he had heard of him, and said, "You are going to change your occupation and thoughts: do not let your former wish revert to your mind; give your heart to the profession which you have chosen, and we shall be very glad then to have seen you here."

Freddy liked Mr. Maynard, and was very much obliged to him for giving him time to go back to the examinations, which were shortly to begin. It was known that the first two boys were sure of their scholarships; but every one fixed places for the others, plainly showing that they were nearly equal, and the places would be severely contested. Jackson and Freddy compared their work every night, and found they were very nearly together; if they did well in the *oral* examination. And when the examination ended, Freddy said, "Jackson, this is my last examination at school."

Jackson was surprised and disappointed. "Where are you going, Freddy?"

"To Mr. Edwin Maynard's; I am to be a solicitor."

"I am sorry," said Jackson; "I thought we should have been at college together."

"Jackson," said Freddy, "go and see the places on Tuesday for me; they will not be out earlier." And he consented, saying—

"Selbie, you mean to beat us all."

When the lists came out, they were—

JACKSON . . }  
SELBIE . . }

"You have got up, Freddy, I know, by myself," said Jackson, "and must have run me very hard; I do not feel that I have lost ground."

But the time was arrived for Freddy to leave. He did not like parting. Eight of the longest years of his life had been spent in the school. There were the same masters at the desk; and it was with tearful eyes he took leave of Dr. Maynard and Mr. Aikin. The Doctor said, "If you do as well for my brother Edwin as you have done for me, I shall be quite satisfied." Mr. Aikin said, "You will grow into a parchment folio, and I will come and dust you, my dear boy. You have never given me an hour's pain since you have been in the school."

A few weeks after the holidays commenced, Selbie went to town. He was placed with a junior partner, who took great interest in the young men, and soon found his house a very pleasant home. It was all new to him; the hours of employment, the occupation itself, and the

place. His good habits did not leave him ; he began to read, and read carefully, every day, from such books as were pointed out to him ; and when employed, he gave diligent attention to everything put before him. His correctness soon brought into his hands all that required care, and that he could perform.

After about three months, Mr. Maynard wrote to his father, to say he would undertake to receive him. And Freddy was very glad to see his father. "Are you doing your best?" he said.

"Yes, papa, I hope so. I have not turned my thoughts at all to the school, or to being a clergyman ; I only read law books here."

Where correctness was of so much importance, the value of Freddy's early habits was soon felt. Mr. Maynard would often say, "Well done!" to his papers ; and seeing his industry, gave him every opportunity of improvement.

"He does his best in the office," said Mr. Maynard to his elder partner ; "look how correctly he has drawn this conveyance : for months past, I have not had an alteration to make in any papers that have passed through his hands."

But Freddy had here his trials and disappointments ; there were older men whom he superseded, and careless ones who did not like his active habits, and his willingness to work they could not understand.

He was not, however, moved from his purpose, he did his best at law ; and although there were

better lawyers in the office, yet, when the average was taken, Mr. Selbie was found most correct. He seldom made a mistake, and never overlooked an error. His father continued, year by year, to receive good accounts of him, and he went down once or twice in the year to see his father and his former friends. The school was always the first place; and he was a welcome guest at the Doctor's and Mr. Aikin's.

But time flies fast. Boys grow into men; and young men grow gray, and talk about being old, until the slow step and greater fatigue forces them to believe what they say to be true; and old men droop and die. Mr. Selbie is even now alive, a very old man; and when Ferguson, who had obtained a college living, came to see Dr. Maynard, who lives at the neat old house at the back of the farm, he said, "We must talk of old times, Doctor. Where," he asked, "is my old friend Selbie, who was to have been at college, and never came?"

"Ah, that good young man!" said Dr. Maynard; "he is the most active partner in my brother's house, and has largely increased their business by his great care and strict attention. He is just as he ever was; he does his best, as his father used to say to him. He is such a good son, I know not whether I admire most, the affection of the father for the son, or the dutiful respect of the son to the father."

"And Jackson, his friend, where is he?"

"In Dr. Aikin's desk; he is to marry Alice Selbie next week. And Dr. Aikin is in Dr. Maynard's desk."

“ And Travers, Selbie’s opponent—do you remember the fight, Doctor !”

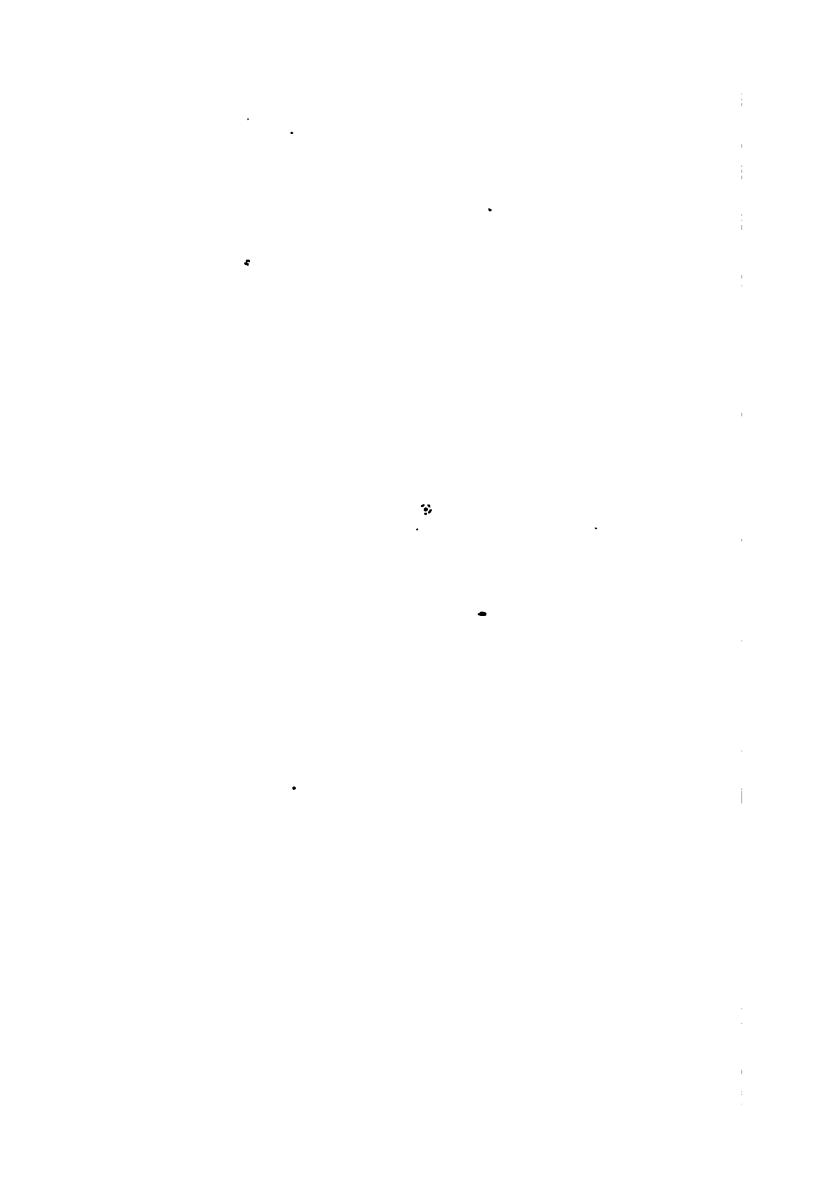
“ Ah, Travers, poor Travers ! we must not talk of him. No one knows where he is now ; it is believed he has left this country. His miserable temper was his ruin. And little Day we buried about a year ago. He asked for Selbie when he found he was dying, and we sent for him ; no brother could have been so gentle and so kind as he. He died while his friend was reading to him, almost blessing him in death.”

Now, in our several relations in life, let us think of Freddy Selbie, and always do our best.

# THE BROTHERS.

(A WAYSIDE LESSON.)





# THE BROTHERS.

(A WAYSIDE LESSON.)

A WALK into the country has always a good influence on the mind of those who are confined, week after week, to the town, and not to the town alone, but perhaps to one single room, with its terrible sameness and dulness. We have sometimes tried to understand this influence of a country walk upon our minds, but were never quite satisfied that we really knew what it was which impressed a mere passing remark upon us for many long years. Perhaps it was the good influence which comes with repose of mind. And when, in spring, the rich note of the blackbird echoed in the dark wood, and the many songsters joined in the chorus, we have blessed God for the enjoyment, and reflected on the lavish hand with which He has given good gifts to men. Others must have felt this, and, like ourselves, have found how difficult it is to convey a meaning, when the heart has seemed almost too big for us, and we could find no utterance, while we heard natural things around us offering the homage of praise to the Creator.

In one of these country walks, my friend Alfred Mc Vickar told me the following circumstance, which happened in his own family, and which explained, in a measure, this feeling, which is common to almost all men. He called it his "wayside lesson."

"You can scarcely know how much importance we attach to our country walks ; and I must tell you why we do so ; for I am sure, besides what I have learned, my children have improved themselves by them. And that, not because I occasionally remind them of the passing seasons, and decaying flowers, as emblems of our own passing away ; I do not think it is proper to dwell always on the sorrows of life before children. My own early troubles have never left me, and the memory of the past causes me acute suffering even now ; but, I find, a good example, enforced by some outward object, is always remembered for a long time, and influences the actions of the children. Jane can frequently tell me, to my surprise, after many weeks, every word of my story and its moral ; Edith, who is very thoughtful, often tells me how she has applied the lesson I gave ; and poor little Willie has an odd jumbling of stories to tell mamma when he comes home, mixing flowers and birds together—but he will remember and understand my stories if God spares him to me : and I hope too, Leroy, that I am not a worse man for my intercourse with children. They speak always to me of purity, of truthfulness, and it is such a blessing to have intercourse with those who are free from dark stains

—all whose little faults you know, and strive to amend :—and I think, too, when I am gone, they will leave an impress for good or ill upon another generation. But, truly, this is a sermon—now for the adventure.

“Do you remember, Leroy, thirty years ago—yes, thirty years ago—when the American houses failed, and carried with them my father’s and many other large firms?”

“Perfectly well,” said I, “for then our acquaintance—and, after thirty years, I hope I may say our friendship—began.”

“Yes,” he said, “you have always been our friend. No one but yourself and my dear brother Robert ever knew, or will know, how a prosperous man can have his heart often so full of past sad remembrances that they overshadow the present joy. At that time all my father’s friends left us ; some we had obliged, some who had promised everything, and had been constant guests in our father’s house; and others, acquaintances, who, I suppose, liked our society, so long as we had the means of living in the style they liked. I do not think any of them were worse than men ordinarily are, but Robert and I felt our position because we were entering into life. We could not, for a time, understand how completely our position seemed to be changed ; however, we were not slow to reconcile ourselves to it, as we were thrown constantly together. We declined all association, except with yourself, perhaps in a measure embittered by the hollowness of the society in which we had lived. This close inter-

course was most beneficial to us ; and you may think that, after these years of interchange of thoughts, hopes, and fears, we should never have had a difference. We had !—a wayside lesson saved us, and made the now flourishing house of the Mc Vickars.

“ I think it must have been about this time of year—for I remember the wild-flowers were very sweet, and the dog-roses brightened the hedge-rows—my brother and I were returning home after a long walk. Our attention was directed to two poor boys, who were walking together, apparently very happy, and in a remarkably good humour. Robert, who is always happiest when he sees others happy, said to me, ‘ Alfred, how common are most of the good things of this life !—these boys enjoy the bright sunshine, and sweet smelling flowers, and the fresh air, as much as we do.’

“ ‘ Surely not so much,’ said I.

“ ‘ Well, Alfred, I will not draw nice distinctions about our relative happiness, but they certainly feel the same pleasure in the sunshine as we do ; perhaps they do not examine the wild flowers so closely, and yet the buttercup, to the baby, is as real a source of enjoyment as the discovery of some new flower to a botanist.’

“ We were walking faster than the boys, and were soon upon their steps, when a mail coach passed at full speed. A gentlemanly-looking person, either attracted by the poor appearance of the boys, or from carelessness, threw a half-penny down. At first they scrambled to get it,

they pushed each the other, and did not appear to have lost their good temper ; at length one succeeded in holding it fast, and both stood up.

"They were completely changed : their faces were flushed, they looked angrily at each other, and the change in their looks was very painful—it spoke of the worst passions.

" 'It was for me,' said one ; 'I saw the gentleman look at me.' 'It was for me,' said the other ; 'I have got it, and I shall keep it.'

"The weaker had got possession, but the stronger had determined to have it ; they were nearly equal, and we tried to reason with them, but to no purpose. 'It is mine ; I have got it, and shall keep it, too,' said one. 'It was meant for me, and I will have it,' said the other. They again caught hold of each other, and we found it useless to interfere ; so we left them struggling, tearing each other's clothes, and doing twenty times more damage to their clothes than a half-penny would pay for.

"We walked, and I observed my brother to be very silent. 'Robert, the dreamer !' said I ; 'dreaming of the friends of the sunshine—thinking how pretty the butterflies were that settled in our country garden, and are flown away—or of uncle Philip's promise, good uncle Philip, who will now make us his children, and take me into his counting-house next month ?'

" 'No, Alfred,' he said ; 'no ; my thoughts were not very far from you.'

" 'Thinking of our disappointments ;—how unkindly——'

“No ; no, Alfred ; I do not think of those who have behaved unkindly. I thought ~~that~~ now we were poor, and, but for our uncle, I might say friendless, no one would care to say they knew us ; they would, if asked, say they remembered to have seen us—to have heard there were such persons as the Mc Vickars. They would not say they had made their house a home, because they would not disgrace themselves by owning an unfortunate man. And I know we love each other now ; I do not think I ever clung so closely to you, Alfred, or ever ~~felt~~ before that it was necessary our lives should be spent for each other. Yet here we are, walking together, much more closely connected by a holy tie of brotherhood than those boys are—perhaps our poverty increasing our affection for each other—Will the time, I thought, ever come when we can tear each other to pieces for a halfpenny ?’

“I laughed, and said, ‘Impossible !’

“‘Yes,’ he said, ‘of course it is impossible that we should quarrel for a halfpenny, as these boys have done ; but that halfpenny represents, to my mind, riches and prosperity ; and I was sad when I thought that a day might come when wealth would make us bitterest enemies.’

“‘I hope not, Robert,’ I said ; ‘our education has been better. Our prospects are none of the brightest, but they do not leave us without hope ; and I cannot believe, if our uncle should, as perhaps he will, place us together in his business, that we should quarrel. These boys could not be brothers.’

“‘Perhaps,’ he said, ‘they would have been more angry had they been.’

“The conversation ended, we went to our rooms on our return home, but Robert did not forget the lesson, as you shall hear. The poor boys and the halfpenny would, occasionally, cross my mind ; but Robert treasured up the story for future use.

“My father died, as you know, soon after I went to my uncle’s, completely worn out by anxiety, and the care incident to the settlement of his affairs ; yet he never murmured. I only remember to have perceived he felt his position, by an allusion to my mother. He said, once, that it was a great mercy that she had been removed from the troubles of this life, for it made him better able to bear annoyance, which he felt she was shielded from for ever.

“Robert and I met every Sunday at my uncle Philip’s house in the country. I had become a resident in his house, and went with him every morning to town, returning home at night. I worked hard, and year by year increased the business. Robert continued in another mercantile house, and often assisted me by his advice, and extensive knowledge of business. My uncle was pleased to give me a share in the profits of the business, and, some time before his death, I had acquired property to a small amount.

“No one could be more contented than Robert. He did not envy me, although his salary was only equal to his expenses ; for he was compelled to live in town. We still met on



Sunday, and took our walks ; hoping to see more of each other at a future time.

“ My uncle gave up going to London during the last year of his life, and he began to talk of giving up the business to Robert and me.

“ He was taken seriously ill a few months before his death, and Robert came down to see him very frequently ;—sometimes I was with him, sometimes not—but Robert is so truthful, that I always know what he says is true. It appears my uncle said to him, ‘ Robert, I shall not be very long here. I will arrange everything for your joining your brother, and give up to you all my interest in the business. When I am gone, you can divide my other property, which I do not leave by will, as you please,—you are not likely to dispute about it,—and I wish you to divide the plate, because there are many little things that belonged to your grandfather, which we have all valued very highly.’

“ My uncle had said he should leave me his house, with everything in it ; I believe he thought it was due to me for increasing the business. After his death my brother came, as a matter of course, and I was very glad of his assistance. He had a vigorous mind, he worked very hard, and more than once he had, while engaged elsewhere, saved us from loss by his prudent advice.

“ About six months after, we met to settle uncle Philip’s affairs. Robert then told me that it was intended he should take half of the plate ; he repeated the conversation that had taken place.

"I replied, 'It is in the house, which is left to me, and therefore is mine. You may take any article you like as a remembrance, or more than one, but I will not give up the half.'

Robert was very much annoyed, and spoke to a friend about it, who advised me to give up the half; showing me that I was really far better off than Robert, as I had a house, and money, which he had not, beyond what was engaged in the business. I was then angry with my brother for naming the subject to a third person. I told him so, and he said,

"'I did not dispute his word, and therefore ought not to refuse to share the plate; and if you dispute my word,' he said, 'I will not remain your partner for a single hour—we will separate.'

"'With all my heart,' I said. We were both angry; we named the referees to settle our affairs, and parted with cold civility. It was the first serious quarrel we ever had. Robert then left the office, and I drove home. When I reflected, I saw how ruinous this dispute would be to both of us. Together, we had before us a certain fortune, and a similarity of ideas and pursuits: if we separated, and both succeeded, we should daily harden our hearts against each other; and if either failed, what misery would the other suffer! I was too proud to speak to my brother: 'Let the worst come,' I said. 'He is the youngest: I will not humble myself to ask him to remain—he will always think I cannot do without him.' I knew, really, he was invaluable in the business,

and perhaps on that account was more reluctant to acknowledge it to myself when I was angry.

"The next morning, when I got into town, after a most unpleasant night, as you may easily suppose, I found Robert had not been as was his custom, for he was very punctual. I felt, now, that he was determined to separate from me, and in fancy saw him making inquiries about other houses, or looking out for fresh offices. All my angry feelings returned. I said to myself, 'He shall not have one penny more than the law allows him—no, not one penny.'

"We were very busy, and I could not fix my attention on anything, for I was vexed with everybody around me. About twelve o'clock Robert came in, and I said, angrily, 'I wish, if you are going out, you would go when we are not so busy; all these foreign letters must be answered by two o'clock.'

"He saw that I was angry, and made no reply; but took such of them as usually came to him, and by two o'clock all were completed, and sent to post.

"After dinner he came to me, and said, 'Alfred, I have thought very seriously over what has happened between us. You know how necessary it is we should agree together. Separation may ruin both. Take all the plate, if you will. Do not let us forget our walks; and let us remember, to-day, the poor boys and the halfpenny. We are going to do what you said was impossible, —tear each other to pieces for a few trifles.'

“ ‘Very well, Robert,’ said I, ‘then we go on as we are.’

“ ‘Yes, Alfred,’ he said, ‘I hope so, until we die.’ So ended the dispute.

“I sent him half the plate, and exchanged some, afterwards, for other things which he wished to have. We have never had a difference since that time. You know, Leroy, how God has blessed us both in our fortunes and in our families ; but I shall never forget that, under God’s providence, we owe our present prosperity to a Wayside Lesson.”

THE END.

**Lately Published,**

12mo. price 2s. 6d.

**EMILY VERNON;**

OR,

**SELF SACRIFICE.**

---

"The title of this volume indicates the moral of the tale—the duty and the sublimity of self sacrifice in the service of God. The conception of the character of Emily Vernon, who, amidst a long series of afflictions and trials of the most severe description, is continually acting on the principle of sacrificing herself for the good of others, is very noble and touching. We recommend this tale to our young readers and to their parents; and though we feel that a model is here presented which few indeed can expect to approach to in practice, still we trust that its contemplation will excite some longings for the higher walk of Christian duty."—*English Review*.

With Illustrations, 16mo. price 2s. 6d.

## SEVEN FAIRY TALES.

"A pleasing volume for young children; beautifully printed, and just adapted as a prize for the best boy in the third class of a good school."—*English Journal of Education*.

"A charming little book."—*Theologian*.

---

16mo. with numerous Plates, 5s.

## A MANUAL OF ENGLISH MEDIÆVAL EMBROIDERY.

"A Work that will gladly be welcomed by English Churchwomen besides directions for working, and a variety of excellent patterns, we have a brief history of embroidery, and a description of some of the most celebrated works of the middle ages."—*Theologian*.

---

## THE FIRST VOYAGE OF RODOLPH THE VOYAGER.

EDITED BY THE REV. W. SEWELL.

12mo. 4s. 6d.

## THE SECOND VOYAGE.

EDITED BY THE SAME.

12mo. 6s.

Subscription price, Five Dollars Per Annum in Advance. Single Copies, Fifteen Cents.  
 Entered as Second-Class Matter, May 26, 1917. Postpaid at Special Rate of \$3.75 Per Annum.  
 Accepted for mailing at special rate of \$3.75 per annum provided for in Act of October 3, 1917.  
 Postmaster: Send address changes in this journal to THE JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 535 North Dearborn Street, Chicago 10, Ill.

Copyright, 1933, by American Medical Association. All rights reserved.

Published by THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 535 North Dearborn Street, Chicago 10, Ill.

THE JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION  
 PUBLISHED WEEKLY  
 Vol. 111, No. 11, November 1, 1933  
 CHICAGO, ILL.

Subscription price, Five Dollars Per Annum in Advance. Single Copies, Fifteen Cents.  
 Entered as Second-Class Matter, May 26, 1917. Postpaid at Special Rate of \$3.75 Per Annum.  
 Accepted for mailing at special rate of \$3.75 per annum provided for in Act of October 3, 1917.  
 Postmaster: Send address changes in this journal to THE JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 535 North Dearborn Street, Chicago 10, Ill.

Copyright, 1933, by American Medical Association. All rights reserved.

Published by THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 535 North Dearborn Street, Chicago 10, Ill.

THE JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION  
 PUBLISHED WEEKLY  
 Vol. 111, No. 11, November 1, 1933  
 CHICAGO, ILL.

Subscription price, Five Dollars Per Annum in Advance. Single Copies, Fifteen Cents.  
 Entered as Second-Class Matter, May 26, 1917. Postpaid at Special Rate of \$3.75 Per Annum.  
 Accepted for mailing at special rate of \$3.75 per annum provided for in Act of October 3, 1917.  
 Postmaster: Send address changes in this journal to THE JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 535 North Dearborn Street, Chicago 10, Ill.

Copyright, 1933, by American Medical Association. All rights reserved.

Published by THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 535 North Dearborn Street, Chicago 10, Ill.

THE JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION  
 PUBLISHED WEEKLY  
 Vol. 111, No. 11, November 1, 1933  
 CHICAGO, ILL.

Subscription price, Five Dollars Per Annum in Advance. Single Copies, Fifteen Cents.  
 Entered as Second-Class Matter, May 26, 1917. Postpaid at Special Rate of \$3.75 Per Annum.  
 Accepted for mailing at special rate of \$3.75 per annum provided for in Act of October 3, 1917.  
 Postmaster: Send address changes in this journal to THE JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 535 North Dearborn Street, Chicago 10, Ill.

Copyright, 1933, by American Medical Association. All rights reserved.

Published by THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 535 North Dearborn Street, Chicago 10, Ill.

THE JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION  
 PUBLISHED WEEKLY  
 Vol. 111, No. 11, November 1, 1933  
 CHICAGO, ILL.

Subscription price, Five Dollars Per Annum in Advance. Single Copies, Fifteen Cents.  
 Entered as Second-Class Matter, May 26, 1917. Postpaid at Special Rate of \$3.75 Per Annum.  
 Accepted for mailing at special rate of \$3.75 per annum provided for in Act of October 3, 1917.  
 Postmaster: Send address changes in this journal to THE JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 535 North Dearborn Street, Chicago 10, Ill.

Copyright, 1933, by American Medical Association. All rights reserved.

BOOKS PUBLISHED  
BY JOHN HENRY PARKER,  
377, STRAND, LONDON.

---

**THE CHRISTIAN YEAR.** Thoughts in Verse for the Sundays and Holydays throughout the Year. *Thirty-first Edition*, 18mo. 6s.; morocco, 8s. 6d.  
Also, foolscap 8vo. 7s. 6d.; morocco, 10s. 6d.  
And 32mo. morocco, 5s.; cloth. 3s. 6d.

**LYRA INNOCENTIUM;** or, Thoughts in Verse on the Ways of Providence towards Little Children. By the Author of "The Christian Year." *Fourth Edition*, 32mo. 3s. 6d.; morocco, 5s.  
Also, foolscap 8vo. cloth, 7s. 6d.; morocco, 10s. 6d.

**THE BAPTISTERY;** or, The Way of Eternal Life. By the Author of "The Cathedral." *Third Edition*, 8vo. cloth, 15s.; morocco, 1l. 1s.  
Also, 32mo. morocco, 5s.

**THE CATHEDRAL;** with Engravings. *Fifth Edition*, cloth, 7s. 6d.; morocco, 12s.

**THOUGHTS IN PAST YEARS.** By the Author of "The Cathedral." *Fifth Edition*, 32mo. cloth, 4s. 6d.; morocco, 6s.

**LYRA APOSTOLICA.** *Eighth Edition*. 18mo. 3s. 6d.

**CHURCH POETRY;** or, Christian Thoughts in Old and Modern Verse. *Second Edition*. 18mo. 4s.

**DAYS AND SEASONS;** or, Church Poetry for the Year. *Second Edition*. 18mo. 4s. 6d.

**DISCOURSES ON PROPHECY;** in which are considered its Structure, Use, and Inspiration. By the Rev. J. DAVISON, B.D. late Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. *Fourth Edition*, 8vo. 12s.

**REMARKS ON BAPTISMAL REGENERATION.**  
By the same Author. 8vo. cloth, 2s. 6d.

**LETTERS FROM A TUTOR TO HIS PUPILS.**  
By W. JONES, of Nayland. *New Edition*, edited by the Rev. E. COLLIERIDGE, M.A. Eton College. 18mo. 2s. 6d.; morocco, 5s.



**BY DR. PUSEY.**

**SERMONS DURING THE SEASON FROM ADVENT TO WHITSUNTIDE.** By the Rev. E. B. PUSEY, D.D. *Second Edition.* 8vo. 10s. 6d.

**BY THE REV. JOHN KEBLE.**

**ACADEMICAL AND OCCASIONAL SERMONS.** With a Preface on the Present Position of the English Church. By the Rev. JOHN KEBLE, M.A. *Second Edition.* 8vo. 12s.

**BY THE REV. CHARLES MARRIOTT.**

**HINTS ON PRIVATE DEVOTION.** By the Rev. C. MARRIOTT, B.D. Fellow of Oriel College. Foolscap 8vo. 2s. 6d.

**BY THE REV. THOMAS W. ALLIES.**

**THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND CLEARED FROM THE CHARGE OF SCHISM,** by the Decrees of the Seven Ecumenical Councils and the Tradition of the Fathers. By the Rev. THOMAS WILLIAM ALLIES, M.A. Rector of Launton, Oxon. *Second Edition, greatly enlarged.* 8vo. 12s.

**BY THE REV. ISAAC WILLIAMS.**

**THOUGHTS IN PAST YEARS.** By the Author of "The Cathedral." *Fifth Edition.* 32mo. cloth, 4s. 6d.; morocco, 6s. *Some Poems in English and Latin are introduced into this Edition for the first time.*

**THE CATHEDRAL.** *Fifth Edition.* Foolscap 8vo. cloth, 7s. 6d.; morocco, 12s.

**BY THE REV. W. SEWELL.**

**JOURNAL OF A RESIDENCE AT THE COLLEGE OF ST. COLUMBA, IRELAND.** With a Preface. By the Rev. W. SEWELL, B.D. Fellow and Tutor of Exeter College, Oxford. *Second Edition, with a Postscript.* Foolscap 8vo. 4s.

**THE DANGER AND SAFEGUARD OF THE YOUNG,** in the present State of Controversy. A Sermon preached before the University of Oxford on the Feast of the Purification, 1848. By the Rev. W. SEWELL, B.D. 8vo. 1s.

**BY THE LATE DR. BURTON.**

**Ἡ ΚΑΙΝΗ ΔΙΑΘΗΚΗ. THE GREEK TESTAMENT,** with English Notes. By the Rev. EDWARD BURTON, D.D. *Third Edition, revised.* 8vo. 14s.

**BY THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP MANT.**

**THE MATIN BELL; OR, THE CHURCH'S CALL TO DAILY PRAYERS.** By RICHARD, Lord Bishop of Down and Connor, and Dromore. 18mo. sewed, 1s.

## **Debatational Works.**

**THE CONFESSIONS OF ST. AUGUSTINE.** *New Edition*, 18mo. cloth, 2s.

**DEVOTIONS.** By the Right Rev. Father in God LAUNCELOT ANDREWES. Translated from the Greek and Latin, and arranged anew. Foolscap 8vo. 5s.; morocco, 7s. 6d.

**THE RULE AND EXERCISES OF HOLY LIVING AND DYING.** By Bishop JEREMY TAYLOR. Complete in 1 vol. cloth, 4s.; morocco, 7s. 6d. Either part may be had separately at 2s.

**A MANUAL OF PRIVATE DEVOTIONS.** By N. SPINCKES, M.A. *A New Edition*, with the original Preface, and a Memoir of the Author. 18mo. cloth, 2s. 6d.

**FOUR BOOKS OF THE IMITATION OF CHRIST.** By THOMAS A KEMPIS. 18mo. cloth, 1s.

**COMMENTARY ON THE SEVEN PENITENTIAL PSALMS.** Chiefly from Ancient Sources. 18mo. cloth, 1s.

**A COLLECTION OF PRIVATE DEVOTIONS FOR THE HOURS OF PRAYER.** Compiled by JOHN COSIN, D.D. Bishop of Durham. 18mo. 1s.

**A MANUAL OF PRAYERS.** By the Right Rev. THOMAS KEN, D.D. sometime Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells. 18mo. 6d.; or 5s. per dozen.

**SHORT PRAYERS FOR CHILDREN**, especially in Parochial Schools; with a Morning and Evening Hymn, 2d.

**THE SEVEN PENITENTIAL PSALMS.** Printed in a bold type, for the use of Sick Persons. 2d.

**HORÆ SACRÆ:** Prayers and Meditations for Private Use. From the Writings of the Divines of the English Church; with an Introduction by the Rev. JOHN CHANDLER, M.A. Cloth, 2s. 6d.; morocco, 5s.

**SERMONS AND ESSAYS ON THE APOSTOLICAL AGE.** By the Rev. ARTHUR P. STANLEY, M.A. Fellow and Tutor of University College. Author of the *Life of Dr. Arnold*. 8vo. 12s.

**RECIPROCAL OBLIGATIONS OF THE CHURCH AND THE CIVIL POWER.** By the Rev. JOHN LOCHART ROSS, M.A. of Oriel College, Oxford, late Vice-Principal of the Diocesan College, Chichester. 8vo. 12s.

**LECTURES EXPLANATORY OF THE DIATHESSARON.** By JOHN DAVID MACBRIDE, D.C.L. Principal of Magdalen Hall, Oxford. *Third Edition, enlarged.* 8vo. 15s.

**REGINALD VERE.** A Tale of the Civil Wars, in Verse. With Notes, Historical and Illustrative. By the Rev. FREDERICK W. MANT. Foolscap 8vo. 6s.

**THE CHURCH FROM THE BEGINNING UNTIL NOW.** A Sermon preached before the University of Oxford. By the Rev. ROBERT HUSSEY, B.D. Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History. 8vo. 1s.

**SOME OF THE FIVE HUNDRED POINTS OF GOOD HUSBANDRY AND GOOD HOUSEWIFERY.** By THOMAS TUSSEY, Gentleman. In Two Parts. 18mo. 2s. 6d.

**A SYSTEMATIC ANALYSIS OF BISHOP BUTLER'S ANALOGY,** on the Plan of Dr. MILL'S Analysis of PEARSON on the Creed. By the Rev. JOHN WILKINSON, B.A. of Merton College, Oxford, and Curate of Exmouth. 8vo. 5s.

**S. AUGUSTINUS.** De Catechizandis Rudibus. De Symbolo ad Catechumenos. De Fide rerum quæ non Videntur, De Utilitate Credendi. In usum juniorum. Ed. C. MARRIOTT, S.T.B., Coll. Oriel. Socius. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

**ANALECTA CHRISTIANA,** in Usum Tironum, edidit et Annotationibus illustravit C. MARRIOTT, S.T.B. 8vo. 10s. 6d., or in Two Parts at 5s.

---

**AN ATTEMPT TO DISCRIMINATE THE DIFFERENT STYLES OF ARCHITECTURE IN ENGLAND.**

By the late THOMAS RICKMAN, F.S.A. With 30 Engravings on Steel by Le Keux, &c., and 465 on Wood, of the best examples, from Original Drawings by F. Mackenzie, O. Jewitt, and P. H. Delamotte. *Fifth Edition.* 8vo. 21s.

"Very little additional matter has been added; for, notwithstanding the numerous works which have appeared within the last five or six years, it is surprising how little real information has been added to that which Mr. Rickman collected and digested. What the book wanted was proper Pictorial Illustration, and this it has now received in a profuse and extraordinary degree. The majority of the Illustrations are from Original Drawings, executed expressly for the purpose, and have the disastrous effect of rendering all former editions of the work comparatively worthless. Those who have Rickman, equally with those who have not, must buy the present edition. The Illustrations are clear, precise, sparkling; and we commend the work as absolutely necessary for every Architectural Student."—*The Builder*.

**THE ECCLESIASTICAL AND ARCHITECTURAL**

**TOPOGRAPHY OF ENGLAND. Part I. Bedfordshire.** 8vo. 2s. 6d.

**THE COLLEGE OF ST. MARY, WINTON, near**

**WINCHESTER.** By the Rev. CHARLES WORDSWORTH, M.A. Small 4to. with numerous Illustrations, 1l. 1s.

**MEMOIRS ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE COUNTY**

**AND CITY OF YORK.** Communicated to the Annual Meeting of the Archæological Institutè, held at York, July 1846. 8vo. with numerous Illustrations, 20s.

**THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL JOURNAL. Vols. I.**

to IV. Illustrated by numerous Woodcuts and Plates. 8vo. cloth, 11s. each.

**THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL JOURNAL. Continued**

Quarterly, price 2s. 6d.

**A MANUAL OF ENGLISH MEDIEVAL EM-**

**BROIDERY.** By a Member of the Archæological Institute. With a Practical Section by a Lady. Illustrated by numerous Woodcuts of Ancient Examples. 16mo. 5s.

**AN INQUIRY INTO THE DIFFERENCE OF STYLE OBSERVABLE IN ANCIENT PAINTED GLASS,** with Hints on Glass Painting, illustrated by numerous Coloured Plates from Ancient Examples. By an Amateur. 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 10*s.*

**A GLOSSARY OF TERMS USED IN BRITISH HERALDRY,** with a Chronological Table illustrative of its Rise and Progress. 8vo. with 700 Engravings, 16*s.*

**MEMORIALS OF THE COLLEGES AND HALLS IN THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD,** with numerous Illustrations on Steel and Wood. By the Rev. JAMES INGRAM, D.D. President of Trinity College. *Second Edition*, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 10*s.*

**THE PUBLIC BUILDINGS OF OXFORD.** By the same Author. With 18 Steel Plates and 40 Woodcuts. 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

**A GLOSSARY OF TERMS USED IN GRECIAN, ROMAN, ITALIAN, AND GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE.** *The Fourth Edition, enlarged.* Exemplified by 1,100 Woodcuts, 2 vols. 8vo. 32*s.*

**A CONCISE GLOSSARY OF ARCHITECTURE,** illustrated by 440 Examples. In 1 vol. 12mo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

**ANGLICAN CHURCH ARCHITECTURE,** with some Remarks upon Ecclesiastical Furniture. By JAMES BARR, Architect. Illustrated by 130 Examples. *The Third Edition, revised and enlarged.* 12mo. 5*s.*

**REMARKS ON ARCHITECTURAL CHARACTER.** By the Rev. JOHN LEWIS PETIT, M.A. With 44 Etchings. Royal folio, cloth, 1*l.* 1*s.*

**THE ARCHITECTURAL HISTORY OF CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.** By the Rev. Professor WILLIS, M.A. F.R.S. &c. 8vo. with 52 Woodcuts, 10*s.* 6*d.*

**THE ARCHITECTURAL HISTORY OF WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.** By the same Author. 8vo. with Woodcuts and Plan, 5*s.*

**THE ARCHITECTURAL HISTORY OF YORK CATHEDRAL.** With Woodcuts and Historical Plan, 2*s.* 6*d.*

## Works on Confirmation and the Lord's Supper.

**INSTRUCTIONS ON CONFIRMATION**, to which is added a Manual of Devotions for use before, during, and after the Administration of that Rite. By the Rev. GEORGE NUGGE, M.A. Curate of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. 18mo. cloth, 1s. *A considerable allowance will be made to Clergymen and others using this work in numbers.*

**CONFIRMATION: MEDITATIONS, PRAYERS, AND SELECTIONS** from the FATHERS, and from OLD ENGLISH DIVINES; on the Office of CONFIRMATION, for the use of Candidates. By the Rev. HENRY HORWOOD, M.A. Rector of Bothall. *Third Edition. In the Press.*

**BISHOP WILSON ON THE LORD'S SUPPER.**  
Reprinted entire from the folio Edition. 32mo. 2s. cloth; 2s. 6d. roan; 3s. morocco; *handsomely printed, with the Rubrics in red.*  
[The above may be had in a variety of handsome bindings, from 5s. upwards.]

Also, a cheaper Edition of

**BISHOP WILSON ON THE LORD'S SUPPER**,  
for Parochial Distribution, &c. Cloth, 1s.; roan, 1s. 6d.

**THE COTTAGER'S INTRODUCTION TO THE LORD'S SUPPER.** Together with the Office of the Holy Communion, with Helps and Directions to Devotion. 18mo. 6d.

**SHORT PRAYERS, WITH A FEW SUGGESTIONS FOR THE TIME OF HOLY COMMUNION.** 18mo. 6d.

**EUCCHARISTICA: Meditations and Prayers on the Most Holy Eucharist**, from Old English Divines, with an Introduction by SAMUEL WILBERFORCE, D.D. Bishop of Oxford. Royal 32mo. cloth, 2s. 6d.; roan, gilt edges, 3s. 6d.; morocco, 5s. [It may be had in vellum, morocco elegant, and a variety of other bindings.]

**STEPS TO THE ALTAR.** A Manual of Devotions for the Blessed Eucharist. *Third Edition*, 1s.; for distribution, 10d.

**OF DIVINE SERVICE, THE SACRAMENTS, &c.**  
By RICHARD HOOKER; being Selections from the Fifth Book of the "Ecclesiastical Polity." *A New Edition.* 1s. 6d.

## The Practical Christian's Library.

A SERIES OF CHEAP PUBLICATIONS FOR GENERAL CIRCULATION.

---

CONFESSIONS OF ST. AUGUSTINE . . . . .
LEARN TO DIE.— <i>Sutton</i> . . . . .
PRIVATE DEVOTIONS.— <i>Spinckes</i> . . . . .
THE IMITATION OF CHRIST.— <i>a Kempis</i> . . . . .
MANUAL OF PRAYER FOR THE YOUNG.— <i>Ken</i> . . . . .
THE GOLDEN GROVE.— <i>Taylor</i> . . . . .
DAILY EXERCISES.— <i>Horneck</i> . . . . .
LIFE OF AMBROSE BONWICKE . . . . .
LIFE OF BISHOP BULL.— <i>Nelson</i> . . . . .
DEATH, JUDGMENT, HEAVEN, AND HELL.— <i>Bp.</i> . . . .
COMPANION TO THE PRAYER-BOOK . . . . .
STEPS TO THE ALTAR . . . . .
SELECTIONS FROM HOOKER.— <i>Kebble</i> . . . . .
MEDITATIONS ON THE EUCHARIST.— <i>Sutton</i> . . . . .
LEARN TO LIVE.— <i>Sutton</i> . . . . .
DOCTRINE AND DISCIPLINE OF THE CHURCH
THE SEVEN PENITENTIAL PSALMS . . . . .
COSIN'S DEVOTIONS . . . . .
RULE OF HOLY LIVING.— <i>Bishop Taylor</i> . . . . .
RULE OF HOLY DYING.— <i>Bishop Taylor</i> . . . . .

---

## Cheap Books for Parochial Use.

BERENS' HISTORY OF THE PRAYER-BOOK . . . . .
BEVERIDGE'S SERMONS ON THE CHURCH . . . . .
BEVERIDGE ON THE CATECHISM . . . . .
LAUD'S SPEECHES ON THE LITURGY, &c. . . . .
LE MESURIER'S PRAYERS FOR THE SICK . . . . .
SCANDRET'S SACRIFICE THE DIVINE SERVICE . . . . .
SHERLOCK ON THE CATECHISM . . . . .
SPARROW'S RATIONALE . . . . .
SPELMAN'S RIGHTS OF CHURCHES . . . . .
THE SEVEN PENITENTIAL PSALMS . . . . .
VINCENT OF LIRINS AGAINST HERESY . . . . .
WILSON'S SACRA PRIVATA (entire) . . . . .
WITHER'S HYMNS OF THE CHURCH . . . . .

\*. The above are supplied for distribution, &c. at reduced

377, STRAND, LONDON.







